

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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STONE PICTURES FROM THE STONE AGE

FROGS IN A STORM WHAT AN ENGINE-DRIVER SAW

The Truth and Some Illusions
About Remarkable Showers
QUEER PASSENGERS IN THE AIR

By Our Natural Historian

A story reaches us from a North Country correspondent of a prodigious shower of frogs, but happily nobody regards the event as a portent of national, or even local, disasters. The phenomenon was observed by a careful North-Eastern engine-driver, who says that between Weardale and Stanhope, Durham, there occurred a heavy storm, from which there appeared to emerge hundreds of thousands of baby frogs.

Some of the frogs seemed injured, some were on their backs, many could not move for some time. The railway man collected some of the little adventurers, put them into a tin box, and carried them home to be, like so many minute Othellos, "loved for the dangers they had passed." Our correspondent infers that the frogs descended in the rain and wind from the storm he witnessed, and he may be right or he may be wrong. Showers of fish, showers of frogs, showers of sulphur, showers of red rain, are at times reported.

Why the Rain was Red

The fish showers are authentic; the sulphur showers are the descent, with or without rain, of pollen carried from pine-trees; the showers of red rain are sometimes the return to earth of bright-coloured minute organisms of fungoid growth, sometimes of a red dust from deserts or dried-up water courses, carried up and afar by winds.

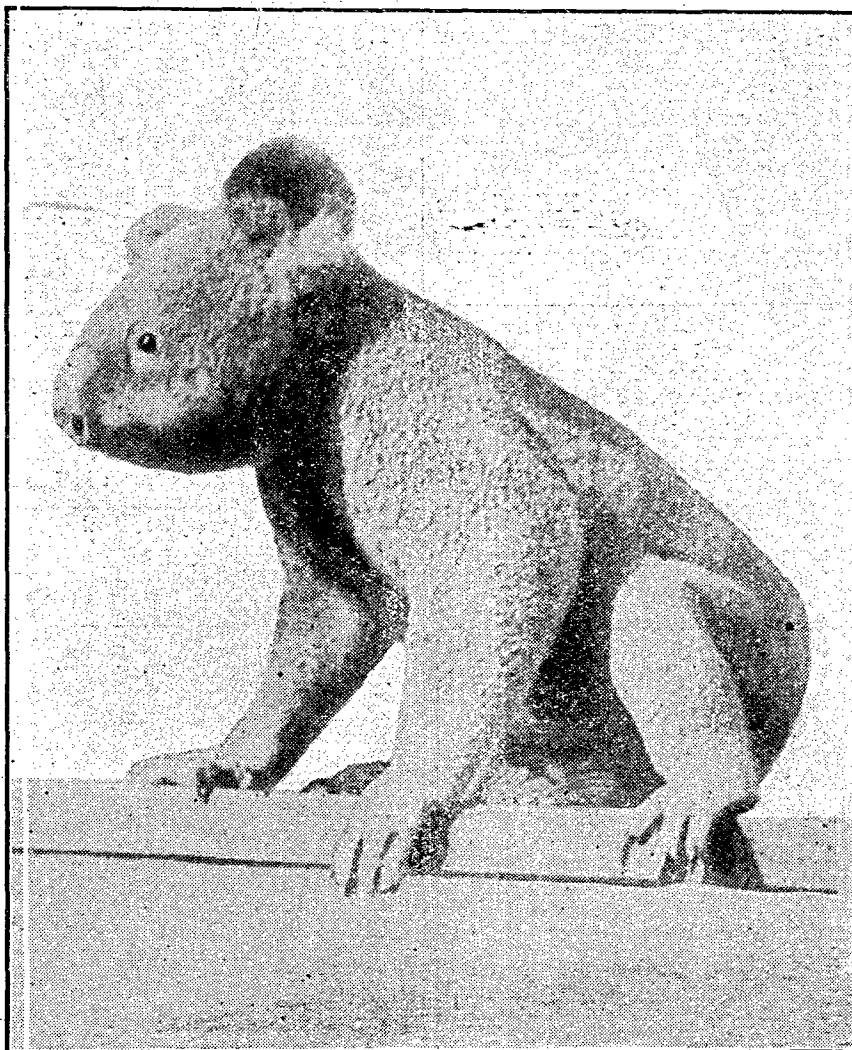
All these things happen today, and have happened from time immemorial, to the terror of ignorant and superstitious people. The frog shower is always the most amazing, because rain brings out from hiding myriads of frogs, big and little, whose existence in a locality has not previously been guessed.

Whatever be the nature of these showers of life the cause is always the same—whirlwind or tornado. Of course they do not descend from the clouds. A spinning column of air, with hot air rising rapidly in its centre, leaves something like a vacuum beneath that centre, and dust, water, anything not too heavy, may be drawn up.

Reeling Columns of Fish

A dust-storm in India, a sand-storm in the desert, with the sand sucked up into reeling, moving columns, like the architecture of a madman's nightmare, arise in this way. When water is sucked up fish go with it. They are carried for hundreds of yards, on to houses, up hillsides, into green fields. We have these fish storms in Britain fairly often, and an Indian

A New Friend for the Prince



This lively little animal, brought back from Australia by the Prince of Wales, is called a native bear, though it is not really a bear but a koala, a near relation of the kangaroos and wombats

example is recorded in which fish weighing about three pounds apiece were carried hundreds of yards. But the case of the frog is dubious for a natural reason. Little frogs, when they pass from the tadpole stage, must leave the water or drown. Therefore they are unlikely to be on the surface of water upon which a whirlwind acts.

And it seems unlikely that a sufficient number of little frogs would be raised from land to cover 300 square yards elsewhere. For, unlike fish and pollen and dust, they can cling. With their toes and their smooth skins they bring about a sucking effect upon the substance on which they lie; even a year-old frog can in this way climb up a smooth pane of glass. They might thus cling and defy a whirlwind or a tornado that would shave a lake or a river and carry its occupants into the air.

Possibly these frogs were revealed by the rain, and turned over on their backs, as he says, by the violence of the torrent. Unless he sees a frog actually come down from the air, the naturalist always doubts the frog-shower explanation.

Hot sand or a prairie fire might send fish flying to the clouds; so may a volcanic eruption. Intensely heated air,

rising swiftly, produces the necessary conditions. An air-storm is born, it travels, raising everything that can be raised by suction in its course, and up go water and fishes, pollen and dust; and in the end down with the fishes and the pollen will come drenching rain and pelting hail, accompanied by an electrical display in the heavens of astonishing grandeur. An unextinguished match in the dry bush may set the machinery of the sky to work, and send fishes into the heights to drown in pure air. E. A. B.

SHARK TOWS AN AIRSHIP

The very latest application of flight to commerce is in sea fishing.

A small airship has been used at Los Angeles for trawling purposes, and a good catch of fish was secured. When fish were hauled up into the gondola of the airship, a corresponding weight of ballast had to be thrown out, but the fishermen's calculations were upset when they caught a shark eight feet long!

The air fishermen at once let out several hundred feet of line, and then they enjoyed the sensation of being towed along by the shark. The airship was lowered nearly to the sea level when the shark freed itself and got away.

BILLY IN A RAGE AMAZING ESCAPE OF AN ELEPHANT

Tame Giant that Turned Traitor
TERROR OF THE NIGHT

There is a period in the life of a male elephant in which he seems to go mad; and a story from Ceylon, telling of the annual capture, by means of tame decoy elephants, of their wild brethren in the forest, brings the fact to mind.

The largest tame elephant in Ceylon, called Billy for short, was one of two elephants engaged in pinioning a wild one to a tree, when the captive suddenly bit off Billy's tail.

Nothing further happened at the time, but next morning, while his mahout was cutting fodder from a tree for him, Billy seized the man, crushed him underfoot, covered him with branches, bolted to the forest, and began a campaign of ravage upon the nearest human habitations. The worst happened at the home of a planter, Mr. H. C. Berwick, who, with his wife and daughter, lives in a new bungalow near the site of Billy's freedom.

The Crash in the Night

Here one night Billy made an attack equalling in terror anything imagined by Kipling in his most vivid stories. Billy had been expected. Fires were kept blazing round the bungalow up to midnight. Then Mr. Berwick's wood supply was exhausted, and the elephant was heard approaching, trumpeting with rage.

Fences crashed right and left as he advanced, and his angry blasts made the very walls tremble. Straight for the bungalow he went, a moving mountain of fury. The people inside heard his breathing, and felt the ground shake as he trod. Mr. Berwick stood ready to shoot, but feared to miss his aim in the dark, and so only wound the wild creature.

When within twenty paces of the house, however, Billy paused, lowered his trunk, began to feed, and walked round the building. As he did so Mrs. Berwick and her daughter fled, and Mr. Berwick was about to follow when the elephant smelt him and turned to attack. Mr. Berwick returned in haste to the bungalow, and Billy approached to within four yards of the door. Ultimately Mr. Berwick escaped.

Year's Work Destroyed

In the morning it was found that Billy had torn up hundreds of fruit-trees and spoilt a whole year's planting, while he himself was luxuriating in a pool at the bottom of the grounds. The next night he repeated his attacks on the bungalow. When the mail left he was still at large and still doing enormous damage.

That is the sort of thing, as described by a correspondent of the Morning Post, which happens when my lord the elephant goes mad. What did our unarmed ancestors do, one wonders, when the mammoth went mad?

WITNESS FROM THE STONE AGE

FLINT THAT TELLS A STORY

What an M.P. Picked Up in a
Gravel Pit

LITTLE ART GALLERY OLDER
THAN HISTORY

One of those interesting events which comes at times as if to strengthen the great corner-stones of the Temple of Knowledge has just been much talked about in the grown-up papers.

It is the discovery, in a gravel pit near Pangbourne in Berkshire of a flint carved with animal faces—quite a little sculptured zoo, if we are to judge by the pictures we give of it, for there are many distinct faces carved on this single flint.

It may seem a simple thing to carve faces on a flint in these days when statues are carved in marble everywhere; but this flint is not simple.

One of the Oldest Works of Art

The amazing thing about it is that it must have lain where it was found for thousands of years, tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, so that it may be said to be a little Stone Age zoo left behind by sculptors fifty times as far back past the days of Pharaoh as the days of Pharaoh are from us.

This very interesting flint was found by Mr. Clement Edwards, M.P., who has lately been giving away prizes for the best essays on Parliament by the boys he took over Westminster not long ago. Mr. Edwards believes there is no better way of learning history than by seeing things and places; but this flint of his is so old that Parliament is like a new toy compared with it.

It is really one of the oldest works of art in the world. It was found buried in the gravel on the estate of a friend of Mr. Edwards, and with it were found flint tools—hammers, axes, and arrow-heads—all made and used by the Stone Age men.

Witness from Antiquity

These carved stones of the ancient world are among the most important witnesses we have of the age of man on the earth. It used to be thought that man may have been on the earth ten, twenty, or thirty thousand years, but from his window on a hilltop in Kent the Editor looks out on hills where our friend Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of Ighiteham, has found flint implements which prove that man must have been in the world about a million years.

Any reader can have one of these stones, an actual witness of man from antiquity, by writing to Mr. Harrison and sending half-a-crown. Not far away Mr. W. M. Newton has picked up hundreds of sculptured stones, carved to represent animals and birds and fishes, from a gravel pit in an old bed of the River Darent.

Strivings of Early Man

A description of these stones has already appeared in My Magazine, the monthly companion of the C.N., which keeps us well informed in all scientific things.

Before Mr. Newton began, these stones were being collected by a great Frenchman, Boucher de Perthes, who found many such stones in the drift gravels in the rivers of France, and sent them to the museum of Abbeville; and the search for these figure-stones may be said to have been going on here and there for eighty years.

These examples of the original yearnings of the Stone Age men for art are naturally not so old as the flint tools they made, for men would, of course,

Continued in the next column

THINGS JUST SAID

By a woman at Ealing:
My husband left me when he was demolished.

Lambeth magistrate to a boy:
What have you been living on?
The boy: Food.

A London magistrate to a woman:
Have you any witnesses?
No, but I've got a weak heart.

A man found with a betting slip:
I filled it in out of the imagination of my curiosity.

By a workman receiving £30 as compensation to a lawyer who kept £20 and handed him £10:
I wonder who fell off the crane, you or me?

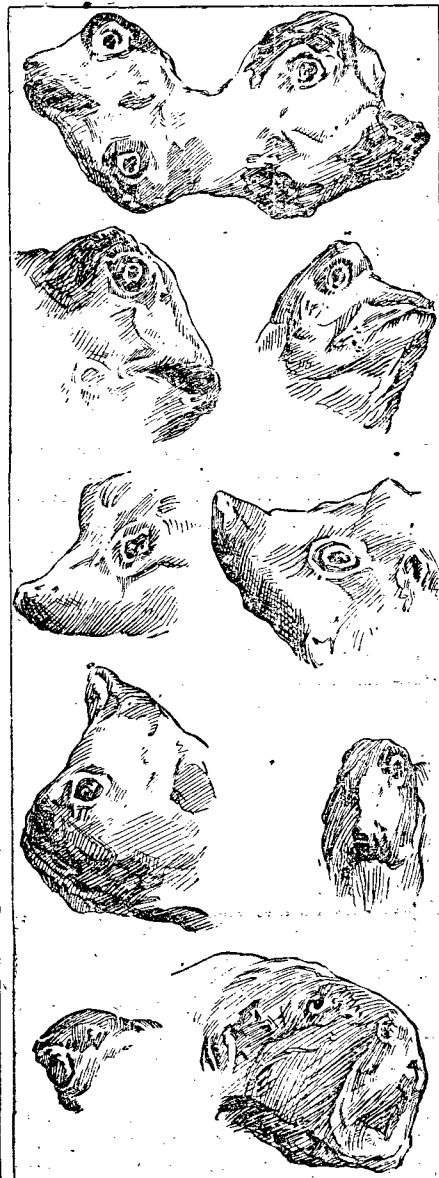
By an old man of 76 who was asked "Did you ever have a bath?"
Of course, I have had eight or more baths in my time.

By a man at Tottenham Police Court:
I work very hard for my living—at least, my wife does, and it amounts to the same thing.

Continued from the previous column

make axes and arrow-heads and flint knives long before they would begin to carve out pictures. Still, they are a mighty age, and tremendously interesting as the first witnesses we have of the striving of man for something more than mere food.

It may be that this new flint found by Mr. Edwards is the most striking example yet known, and we may be sure that it will be seen in the British Museum, and will figure in the history of



The Stone Age Zoo

knowledge for many generations to come. There were no books or newspapers in those days, but he who understands may read the story of the past in flints and rocks and stones.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Moscow has had a good idea—a week of repairs.

A woman at Yiewsley, in Middlesex, has died as the result of a wasp's sting.

A sparrow in flight has just been killed by a golf ball on the links at Kingston, in Ontario.

Mrs. Etta Sharp, of Bradford, who has just died at 86, walked 1000 miles in 1000 hours when a young woman.

Bad for the Coo

Six cattle charged an oncoming train near Ashby-de-la-Zouche. The engine was nearly derailed, and all the animals were killed.

An Enormous Raft

The mouth of the River Elbe has been blocked up by a gigantic Swedish raft of 140,000 tree trunks, which was on its way to Amsterdam.

The Crow and the Cricket Ball

During a cricket match played at Brancaster, in Newfoundland, a crow flew down and picked up the ball.

English Sheep in France

The 400 English sheep sent out to the peasants of the battlefields of the Marne are all doing remarkably well.

The Cat's Meat Queue

Cat's meat is now so scarce in London that queues of customers wait outside the shops to get pussy's ration.

Giant Gooseberry Bush

A gooseberry bush at Hounslow is twenty feet high and more than fifty years old. It is believed to be the largest in England.

Famous Paris Landmark to Go

The Great Wheel near the Eiffel Tower in Paris is to be demolished, and the material will be used for building purposes in the war area.

What Happens to Wages

A table of labourers' wages has been prepared from 1250 to 1920, and it shows that they have persistently gone up and never once gone down.

Cotton From Mesopotamia

It is thought that 200,000 acres of cotton can be cultivated in Mesopotamia, producing 15 or 20 million pounds of cotton every year.

Japan and the League

About a hundred aristocrats and business men in Japan have formed themselves into a League of Nations Association, with Prince Tokugawa as President.

A Wonderful Drill

One of the wonderful things at the Machine Tools Exhibition at Olympia was a drill which would bore a hole through cast-iron at the rate of fifty inches a minute.

Policeman Takes a Swim

A man in charge of a policeman at Nottingham jumped into a river in an attempt to escape, but the policeman followed him and brought him back to the bank.

A Lost Flying Machine

A hydroplane has been lost in the Alps. It was flying from Italy to Finland, and was last seen near the St. Gothard. Advertisements were put in the Swiss papers, but it was feared that the plane had fallen down a precipice.

Prefers the Amateur

Invited to become a vice-president of a club which supports a local professional football team, Major Harold Wernher, of Luton, who is president of an amateur league, declined on the grounds that he does not believe in professional football and prefers to support the amateur.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Anatole An-a-tole
Confucius Kon-few-shee-us
Fomalhaut Fo-mal-o
Othello O-thell-o

RED INDIAN ON THE BOOKSTALLS

C.N. COMPANION

Rickety-Legged King Who Drove
Away the Founders of America

CATHEDRAL BUILDERS ON
FOURPENCE A DAY

Have you seen the Red Indian cover on the bookstalls, side by side with the C.N.? Bright with all the colours of the rainbow, it is the attractive gateway of a magazine which, in the opinion of hundreds of thousands of people, beats all other magazines put together. It is the great magazine for C.N. readers, edited by Arthur Mee, and called My Magazine.

The October number, now selling everywhere, is crowded with good things. Read that wonderful story of Shakespeare's England. No story Shakespeare invented is as dramatic as this.

Picture that English king with his big head, his slobbering tongue, his quilted clothes, and his rickety legs, with all his gabble and buffoonery and coarseness and cowardice, and then think of him driving a hundred people out of England to lay the foundations of America! Their adventures read like miracles; actually we think of Moses striking the rock to bring out water as we read here of these Pilgrims striking the sand and finding corn.

And what can be more extraordinary than that Red Indian who came one day to the Pilgrims' camp, laid down his arrows, and talked in English about the streets of London?

Charity Boy of Winchester

Then there is the story of the charity boy of Winchester, William of Wykeham, and his great cathedral. Perhaps you do not know much about those times when men were building cathedrals at wages of fourpence a day, and when plague was wiping out one home in three throughout the land; but you will find the story here.

What will be the next new wireless wonder? Nobody can say, but everybody can understand what wireless is, and in My Magazine are a hundred questions and answers about the invisible power that is changing the world.

How much land and solid matter does the Thames carry to the sea every year? You may be surprised to know it is 14 million cubic feet! All about water and its wonders, and the marvellous work of rain, My Magazine tells us this month.

You have heard of the schemes for putting up a great Egyptian pylon as a War Memorial in London, a scheme not likely to come true. My Magazine gives twelve photogravure pictures of the gigantic monuments of Egypt—from which we can all understand why nobody wants them here.

Enemy of Civilisation

To thousands of C.N. readers the most interesting article in this fine batch will be that by the man who is believed to have seen more of the war than any other journalist. He is the International Correspondent of the C.N., and he writes of the disease of militarism that threatens to kill civilisation. "Is the Earth a Wild Beast Show?" this article is called, and in it we read these words:

It has taken ten thousand years to civilise a man; militarism will knock the civilisation out of him in less than ten thousand hours.

If we think of all the other things—stories, puzzles, poems, explanations of how things are done, with over a hundred pictures—we can well understand why C.N. readers everywhere are asking their newsagents to deliver to them regularly its monthly companion, the magazine beloved by the English-speaking world.

A BRIGHT ROOM FOR CHILDREN

HAPPY LITTLE PEOPLE
AT HOME

A New Act of Parliament and
How it is Working

CHILDREN'S LIBRARY YEAR

One of the things of vital importance is the Children's Library, and there is now in operation an Act added to the Statute Book last year entitled the Public Libraries Act of 1919. It removes the legal limit of one penny in the pound for the maintenance of public libraries.

As a result of this Act a great change is taking place in the development of public library work, and children's libraries are being established on a scale almost undreamed of before.

Such a library was established at Hove a few months ago, and we may glance at it as an example of how such a library should be run. Hove has a modern and well-planned library, in which wise forethought made provision for the children's library it was hoped would follow.

Regiments of Books

This provision was a large well-lighted room, about fifty feet long, looking out upon a rock garden paved with tiles. One half of the room is the children's lending library, the other the children's reading-room. The lending library has 2000 volumes, to which the children have free access, the books being arranged in ten classes, and the ten classes divided into ten divisions, 100 divisions in all, each division with 10 sections, so that there are altogether 1000 sections. It is like an army in divisions and regiments and units.

A book about elephants has a number, 599, and is placed with other books about mammals. Therefore, if a boy wants a book about elephants, he always looks for the books numbered 599; or if a girl wants a book about cookery, she looks for the books numbered 641, which is the number of the Cookery section in the Domestic Economy division of the Useful Arts class.

C.N. in the Library

The other half of this room at Hove is fitted up with reading slopes for newspapers and magazines. Here young people stand and read the C.N., the Scientific American, and other papers; or they sit at desks of polished oak and read My Magazine and other periodicals.

The room is thronged after school hours, and the behaviour of the children is exemplary.

Beside the lending library and the periodicals, the children have the use of a fine collection of reference books. The Juvenile Librarian has in her keeping the Children's Encyclopedia, dictionaries of biography and geography, year books, almanacs, and so on.

What Children Read

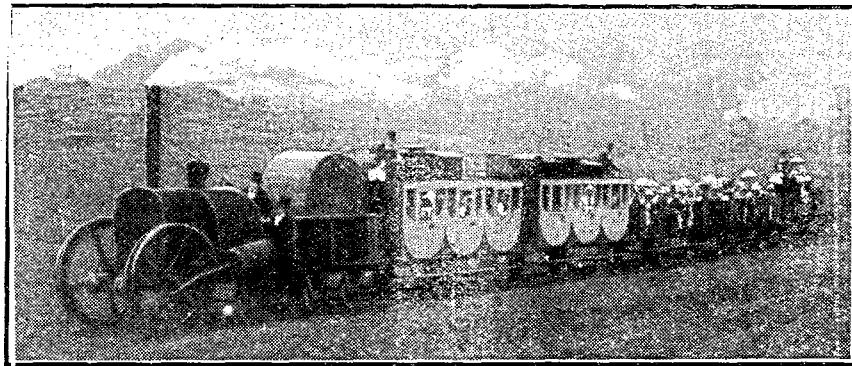
The taste of the children is universal. The most popular subjects seem to be electricity, engineering (especially railways), folk-lore, history, natural history, and school tales. About 60 per cent. of the books read are stories, and 40 per cent. are what is called solid reading.

One of the points about the Children's Library is that parents are not encouraged to enter it; it is hoped that nothing will interfere with the freedom of the children to have access to their own books. One small girl, who formerly waited outside the grown-up library while grandmother found a book, now keeps grandmother waiting outside the children's library.

Teachers take a great interest in the children's library, and the library owes much of its success to them. Its success is really wonderful; in the first six weeks more than seven thousand books were issued.

I. W. L.

GEORGE STEPHENSON ON THE FILM



The first train leaving Birmingham for Euston for Queen Victoria's Coronation



A group of passengers alighting after their first journey



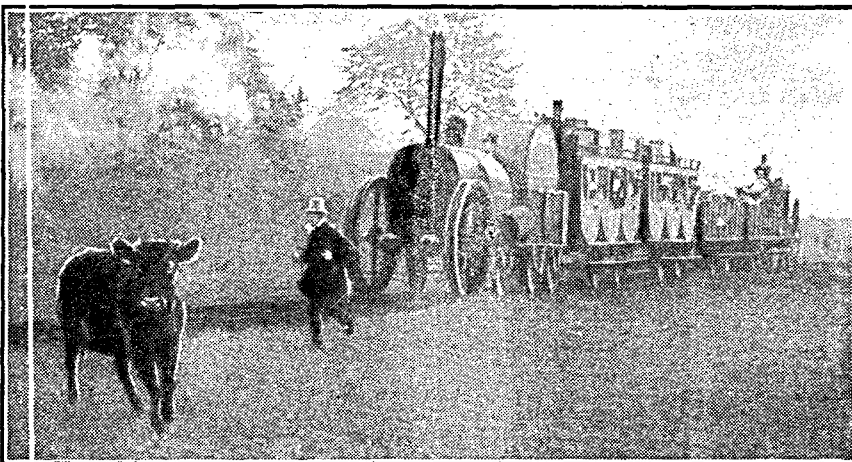
George Stephenson with his completed model of the Rocket



George Stephenson explaining steam locomotion to the passengers



Helping a passenger down before the days of platforms



"Bad for the cow." The cow thinks it will get off the line

In the new film "The Game of Life" the early days of railways have been vividly reconstructed, and George Stephenson is shown with his model of the Rocket and with one of his early trains

GENERALS AFRAID THE MISSING COIN IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

And the Poor Old General with
the Snuff-box

REMARKABLE TRUE STORIES

A little Chinese figure of Buddha is missing from a London art gallery. It is 1700 years old and precious, but its disappearance is ascribed not to a common thief but to a worshipper of Buddha.

Many a fine story has centred round the adventures of such a relic, which men have crossed the world to redeem.

One of the best of the kind comes from the British Museum.

Among the most ardent coin collectors of the 19th century was General Fox, and it was his ill-luck to be stopped one day at the door of the coin room at the museum as he was about to leave, with the intimation that a valuable coin was missing, and he must be searched. He stayed, but declined to show the contents of his pockets. After some time the coin was found in its case, where it was seen to have lodged under the velvet lining.

King's Snuff-box Lost

"Now," said General Fox, "I will show you why I refused to be searched," and he produced from his pocket a coin identical with that which had been lost and found. Only two of these coins were known to exist, and General Fox, having one, had brought it to the museum to compare it with the one already there.

Then there was the adventure of a British ambassador who brought home a handsome snuff-box set with diamonds, the gift of a king. It was his habit at a dinner-party to bring out his box from its hiding-place. This he did one night when a brave old unemployed general, who was known to be in financial difficulties, was of the company. The box was passed round, reached the hand of the general, and rested there a moment while attention was diverted to something else.

General Goes Home

When the guests rose the box was gone. Waiting until the servants had left the room, the host asked for it. No one knew anything about it, so its owner suggested that the box had been taken up in jest, and that his share of the fun should be to find it upon the person of the practical joker. All agreed to be searched save the impoverished general, who buttoned up his coat, declared himself insulted, brushed his host aside, and marched out. The box was not found; it was worth much; the general was poor and everyone suspected him.

The story got about town, and the general was shunned. Then came another dinner-party, and a guest asked, in the hearing of the butler, for the true story of the vanished snuff-box. "Oh, it is lost!" said the host.

Treasure Found Again

"Excuse me, sir," said the butler, "the box is not lost. I did not know you considered it missing. While you were all talking at your last dinner-party the footman removed the box from the table and put it in the little drawer of the sideboard." So saying, he went to the drawer and brought out the missing treasure from the only place in which it had not been sought.

Next morning the host rushed round to the misjudged general, told him what had happened, and offered heart-felt apologies. Then his friend confessed why he had refused to be searched. "I had not stolen your snuff-box, but I had stolen your food," he said, with tears in his eyes. "I blush to own that the greater portion of every morsel of food put upon my plate was transferred to my pocket-handkerchief, spread out on my knee beneath the table, and brought home to my starving family."

AUSTRALIA LAYS A GHOST

WHITE MEN IN THE TROPICS

Civilisation Marching Upward
in the Commonwealth

FUTURE OF A MILLION SQUARE MILES

By Our Australian Correspondent

The Australian Medical Congress, sitting at Brisbane, has laid a ghost, and every Australian who knows his country is rejoicing. The Congress has formally declared that the policy of a White Australia—the development of the Australian continent by the white race—is as practicable in the tropics as anywhere else.

What is Tropical Australia? Roughly, it may be said to include North Queensland, the greater part of the Northern Territory, and the northern part of Western Australia. If we draw a line across the continent from Rockhampton, on the east coast, to a point just north of Cape Farquhar, on the west, everything to the north of that line is Tropical Australia. It embraces almost 1,150,000 square miles.

Thriving and prosperous towns along the coast of tropical Queensland are Rockhampton, Mackay, Bowen, Townsville, Cairns, and Cooktown; inland lie Longreach, a magnificent pastoral district, and Charters Towers, well known for its goldfields.

Land of Cattle and Pearls

As yet the people of North Queensland live mainly on the coast, but new railways are opening up the interior, and the country is attracting settlers.

The Northern Territory was, until 1910, part of the State of South Australia, but it was then surrendered to the Commonwealth. Great rolling plains, covered with magnificent grasses and spangled in spring with a million flowers, have attracted the pioneers. Here Sydney Kidman the Australian "Cattle King" has his great cattle stations. The completion of the North-South Railway is now proceeding.

It begins at Port Darwin, and has got as far as Pine Creek and the Katharine River, a distance of 200 miles. In a few years it will be linked up with Oodnadatta, 800 miles away, and another transcontinental railway will be added to that now running from east to west. Tropical Western Australia has hardly yet been explored, but men have found pearls on the north-west coast of Broome.

World's Lowest Death-Rate

This, then, is Tropical Australia—most of it an elevated plateau where the heat is dry and bracing, and where a great imperial race is being reared to work out Australia's destiny.

In the Queensland sugar-fields—now worked entirely by white labour—the death-rate per thousand is not one-third of what it was when Kanakas and South Sea Islanders, in many cases torn from their homes that the world might have its sugar, lived wretched lives in an alien land. In Western Australia in 1918 the death-rate per thousand was the lowest in the world. In the Northern Territory, in the same year, the death-rate per thousand was less than in Britain.

Lord Rosebery said, "You cannot rear an imperial race in the slums." Australia is proving that we can raise such a race in the great empty spaces of her limitless continent. They are building up a virile race in the tropical north, and are burying, once and for all, the superstition that white people cannot work there.

See World Map

DAY AND NIGHT IN OCTOBER

SEPT.		
OCT.		
NOV.		

This diagram shows the average daily light and darkness in September, October, and November

WOLF TRAPPED IN THE BLACK POOL

NEW ARRIVAL AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

Story from a Wonderful Store-
house of Fossils

TRAGEDY CENTURIES OLD

By a Museum Correspondent

A skeleton of a large extinct wolf from California has recently been added to the geological exhibits at South Kensington. The species is known as *Canis dirus*—and terrible he must have been, strong in jaw if slow in speed.

This animal had already been known from fossil fragments; but more than 1000 complete skulls have been obtained from asphalt deposits near Los Angeles, in California. Many of the skeletons rival in size that of the Alaskan wolf, the largest now living. The heavily-built skull shows that it was adapted for dealing with bulky prey.

Hunters and Hunted

These asphalt deposits have proved a wonderful storehouse of fossils. Not only wolves but sabre-toothed tigers and cave bears have come to light; and along with them the animals they hunted, such as the giant ground sloths, the mammoth, and other elephants, horses, bison, camels, peccaries, deer, goats, and a host of smaller mammals such as foxes, weasels, skunks, badgers, squirrels and rabbits.

Many skeletons of birds have also been obtained. Most of them were feeders on carrion, such as vultures and condors, but there were also hawks, owls, and pelicans, and the giant teratornis, now extinct, but supposed to be the largest flying bird known.

Life and Death Struggle

There is no doubt that all these creatures were trapped by the soft asphalt. Imagine the tarry, sticky liquid oozing through the sand—perhaps occasionally blown out by heat acting from below.

The thick mixture of sand and asphalt would form large scattered pools, the surface of which would look much like water; and the heavy vegetable-feeders, thinking to quench their thirst, would walk on to the treacherous ground. Too late they would find themselves not only sinking but held by the oily asphalt, and the more they struggled the more they would become engulfed. They would bellow and roar, and their voices would attract the packs of wolves; and the sabre tooth, too, would be to the front where food seemed plentiful.

Preserved Through the Ages

The same fate that had overtaken their promised prey now awaited them; at once the clinging tar would hamper their movements, and deeper and deeper they sank, struggling for life. Their voices would succeed the cries of their quarry; and before long the birds of prey would settle on dead and dying alike. But, with feet and feathers smeared and clogged with pitch, the dreadful death-trap would at last claim them also.

Asphalt happens to be one of the best preservatives known, and so the mingled bones of hunter and hunted alike have been obtained in California in almost perfect condition.

It is interesting that a similar series of bitumen, or asphalt, "traps" is known today in Ventura County, California, and on some ranches there a watch has to be kept to prevent horses and cattle from straying to their death. Prompt action has to be taken to rescue a straggler, or the poor creature slowly sinks in the soft and sticky ground and shares the fate of his ancestors of centuries ago.

I. H. L.

LIFE WITHOUT FOOD

REMARKABLE POWERS OF THE HUMAN SYSTEM

The Body that Can Live on Itself

IRISH HUNGER STRIKERS

By Our Medical Correspondent

Many people have lately been amazed at the length of time the Irish hunger-strikers have lived. But death from actual starvation is very rare, and scientific men have few facts to show how long life may be maintained without food.

In 1890 an Italian named Succi fasted for forty days, and in 1891 a Frenchman named Jacques fasted for fifty days; while it is recorded that a convict lived 63 days on water alone. Resistance to starvation, however, must vary greatly with the condition of the fasting man when he begins to fast—with his age, with his constitutional strength, and with the conditions under which he carries out his fast.

When a man is given absolutely no food the body begins to feed on its own fat and protein, and the less important tissues are sacrificed for the sake of the more important ones; so that all the fat in the body, and a great part of the muscular substance, dwindle away before the heart and nervous system begin to lose much weight.

Fuel for the Body

The rapidity of this consumption depends largely on how much fuel is required to keep the body warm and how much for muscular activity; and if a man be kept warm in bed a very little fat and protein will suffice to maintain life. Cold, and mental and muscular work, however, soon use up the fuel stored in the body. Succi, who in forty days lost 34 pounds in weight, lost weight faster if he gave way to excitement, or even did such light work as signing his autograph; and no doubt he would have lost less weight if he had been kept perfectly quiet in bed.

It has been suggested that the Irish hunger strikers have been kept alive by small quantities of protein surreptitiously administered in water; but small quantities of protein would probably only stimulate the heart to undue exertions and would hasten the end.

A PROUD SCHOOLROOM

Boy Heroes of Diss

The Diss Council School, in Norfolk, is proud, and has reason to be so, for it has two scholars in one class who have gained the Humane Society's certificate for saving life.

Their names are Fred Knights and Cyril Pallett. Knights gained his honour by rescuing a friend from drowning in



Fred Knights



Cyril Pallett

the Mere when it was frozen; and Pallett received his certificate for saving a boy from drowning in the River Waveney.

It is a pleasure to call attention to this double honour of Diss School, and the double service to others in distress.

We may doubt if any other school has two boys with this certificate, especially two boys in one class-room.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

A POET OF SOCIALISM

Doctor Who Won Fame in
American Literature

A BAD MAN WHO DID GOOD

- Oct. 3. William Morris died in London . . . 1893
4. Richard Cromwell born at Huntingdon . . 1626
5. Horace Walpole born in London 1717
6. Jenny Lind born at Stockholm 1820
7. Oliver Wendell Holmes died at Boston . . 1894
8. John Wilkes elected Lord Mayor of London 1774
9. Verdi born at Roncole 1813

William Morris

WILLIAM MORRIS was a poet, artist, and social reformer in the later years of last century.

He was greatest as a poet. As an artist he tried to make houses beautiful inside by decoration that would elevate popular taste, and in that way he had considerable influence on his age. As a reformer he was a leader in socialism when it was making its way among thoughtful people not given to wild ways.

As a poet he retold the ancient tales of Greece, and of later days, in graceful forms that made the legends live again. While attempting these revivals from long ago he called himself an "idle singer of an empty day" in contrast with his social aims.

His best writing, he thought, was his pictures in verse of our hardy forefathers, the Norsemen, who gave the English race so much of its vigour, and in these poems his words sound like the clashing of battle-axes on Vikings' shields.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was one of the band of New England Americans who, in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, gave his country's literature fame throughout the world. He was a friend of Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne, and Thoreau, and perhaps more than any of them deserved to be called a "man of letters."

That was because he was something of a poet, a critic, a novelist, and, above all, an essayist; in his charming "Breakfast Table" chats.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was by profession a doctor, but by choice was a commentator on life and character as it is displayed in homely ways.

Like most of the sweet-hearted men of his group, he lived to be an old man, and to the end was beloved by all who either knew him or read his rambling thoughts, fanciful and pure.

John Wilkes

THE English people have a rooted dislike to seeing anyone put upon, and that dislike led to John Wilkes being regarded as a hero and made Lord Mayor of London, though he was a man of very questionable character.

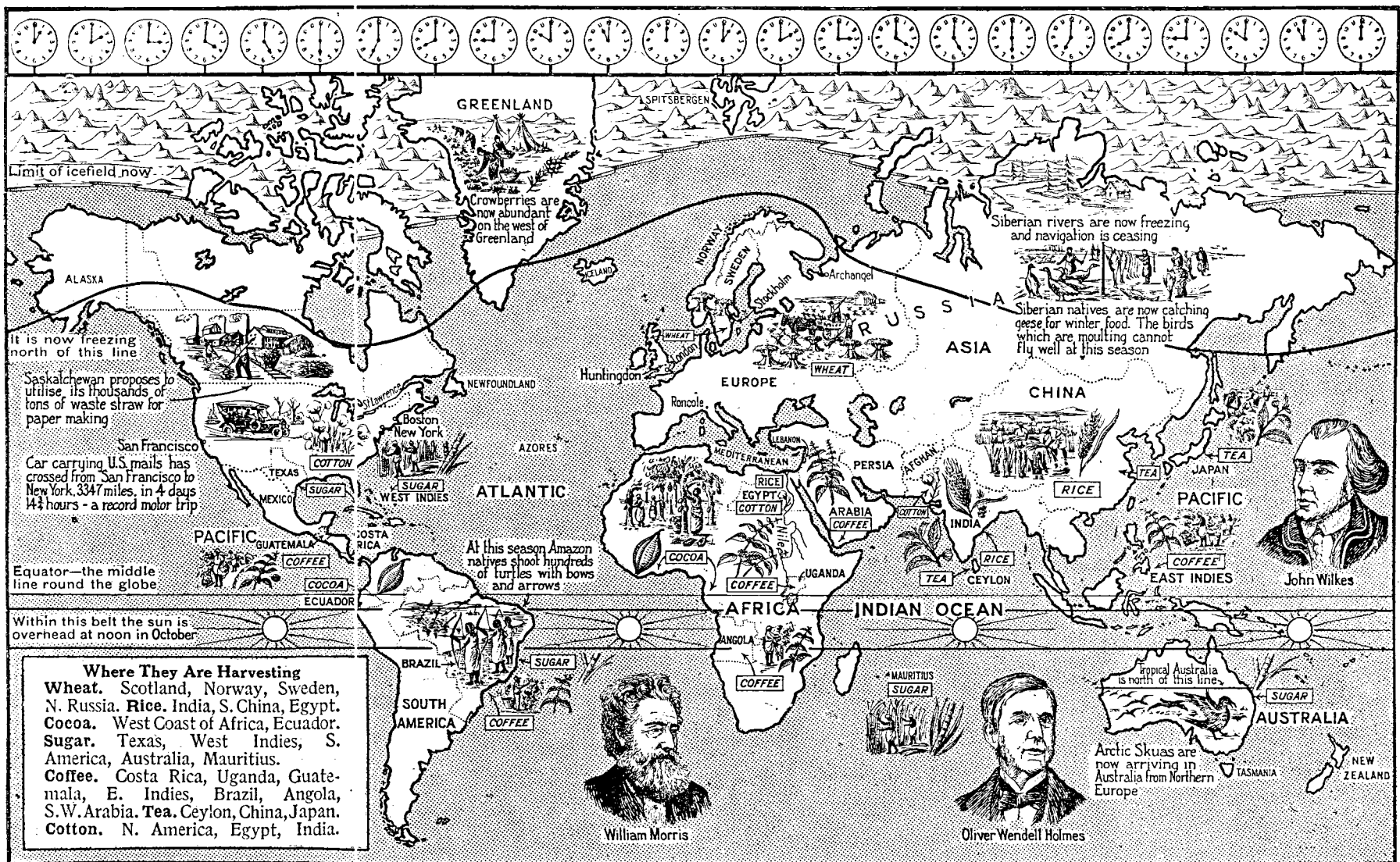
He had been elected a Member of Parliament, and, having started a newspaper, claimed the right to say what he liked in it against the Government of his day. The Government tried to suppress him by law and by force. They arrested him illegally—that is, without giving a clear reason why—put him in the Tower, turned him out of Parliament, and outlawed him.

But he was a man who loved to be in the midst of a fight, and would not be suppressed, and the public applauded his courage, outspokenness, and persistence. "Wilkes and liberty!" was the popular cry of the day, and in the end Wilkes won all along the line. Elected again and again to Parliament, he saw it undo all it had done against him.

The great thing he did was to win the right of free speech and a free press. But, none the less, he was not a man who deserved to be treated as a hero, for much in his life was blameworthy.

One of the obelisks in Ludgate Circus, London, is to his memory.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE YELLOW TRAIL How a Cat Led the Way

A friendly cat has been the means of bringing a gang of rogues to justice and recovering £70,000 worth of stolen goods.

Germany is busy just now trying to recover the dye trade of the world, which she lost during the war, and she had sold £70,000 worth of her dyes to an American chemical firm.

Promptly a gang of thieves stole the dyes from the firm's warehouse, and for two months the detectives of New York could find no trace of the missing stuff.

Then, one day, as a detective was standing in a brown study trying to think out an explanation of the theft, a dock cat came smiling up to him to make friends, and, as cats will, rubbed itself against his trousers. The detective at once noticed that pussy's caresses had left on his trousers a yellow stain. And some of the dyes were yellow.

So he encouraged pussy's friendliness, and she led him to one of her favourite haunts—a cellar in an empty house—where he not only found the stolen dyes, but also the thieves, and with assistance he captured a gang of nineteen.

THE PAPER CRISIS

New Supplies from Alaska

The shortage of paper and its high cost have compelled nearly 600 publications to increase their price this year.

It is said that in the United States the present resources of paper supply will be completely exhausted in ten years.

Now, however, the Chief of the United States Forests Service, who has been out to Alaska inspecting the natural resources of that huge territory, reports that the national forests there will easily be made to furnish a million and a half tons of paper a year for ever.

It is said that a sale of 100 million feet of pulp timber has already been made, and that a further sale of 1500 million feet, enough to supply a large paper plant for 30 years, is being arranged.

THINGS THAT ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM Deceiving the Public

The Ministry of Health is beginning to expose the deceptions practised on the public by the sale of foods which are not what they pretend to be.

It is a task that will be applauded by everybody except the people who profit by such rogues.

One of these foods, called a cream-custard, is reported to have in it no trace of cream or egg, but to be simply coloured starch. Egg-powder, also, is sometimes only coloured starch, and in cream of tartar arsenic has been found.

Perhaps the Ministry of Health will extend its examination of foods to the clothing necessary to keep us in health.

FLYING HOTELS

Bed, Bath, and Dinner

It is reported from Chicago that very luxurious aeroplanes are being constructed, to accommodate 16 passengers and over half a ton of mails. Passengers will be supplied with dinner, and sleeping berths, shower baths, and "all modern conveniences."

The first service is to be run between Pittsburg and Indianapolis, and other trips planned are from Chicago to New York, and from New York to Atlanta.

GEESE ATTACK A BOY

And a Weasel Attacks a Man

Two very odd incidents come from Scotland and Wales.

At Blaenau, in Monmouthshire, a boy has been attacked by a flock of angry geese, which were only scattered just in time to save the boy from serious injury.

At Hawick, in Scotland, a countryman, trimming hedges, was attacked by a weasel. The bag with the man's dinner in it fell to the ground, and the weasel attacked it savagely, robbing the man of his dinner before he was able to hit it.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY Fortune Comes While in Prison

Ten years ago an old man of sixty went to prison in Texas. He was a poor farmer who had committed a grievous crime, and was so filled with remorse that, when a pardon was offered him on account of very trying circumstances, he refused to accept his liberty.

Now, however, feeling that he has paid an ample penalty, the old man has accepted pardon on his seventieth birthday.

What is most remarkable about this story is that he who went into prison a poor farmer comes out a millionaire. Soon after he entered prison oil was discovered on his farm. Valuable wells were sunk in it, and his relatives, looking after his interests, have piled up a fortune for him. Now they are wondering what he will do with it.

DOES A DOG THINK IT OVER?

Apparently, Yes

Referring back to this question, a Sussex correspondent describes an incident which caused him to decide that dogs do reason.

While I was working with an old sheep dog Bob in a twenty-acre field, one sheep left the others and ran wildly across the field till it was stopped by a fence in front, with a ditch on one side and a sheep pool on the other side, and only four feet between them.

I sent Bob to fetch the sheep back. When he arrived where the sheep was standing he understood that if he followed it on the narrow piece of land it must either go into the ditch or the pool.

For a few seconds he hesitated, as if thinking a way out of the difficulty, and then drew back and left the sheep, while he rushed round some 50 or 60 yards and came under the fence in front of the sheep, and so headed it back along the narrow strip of land without driving it either into the water or the ditch.

CAN A HEART BEAT AFTER DEATH?

Queer Report that Cannot be True

By the Children's Doctor

Paragraphs have lately appeared in the papers stating that a doctor has succeeded in making a dead heart beat by means of injections of adrenalin.

Adrenalin is a chemical substance obtained from a small gland situated above the kidneys called the suprarenal body; and physiologists have known for some years that when it is injected into the blood it stimulates the action of the heart. Physiologists believe, too, that the emotions of fear and anger cause it to be poured into the blood, and that the quick and violent heart-beat of fear and anger is due to its chemical action.

But it is impossible to believe that adrenalin can make a dead heart beat, for death not only stops the beating of the heart, but utterly destroys its delicate machinery. The dead heart is as much destroyed as a broken egg, and all the king's horses and all the king's men can never set it together again.

If, then, adrenalin makes a heart beat it is a sign that the heart is not really dead. It must be remembered that the heart may live for a short time even after it has ceased beating. Indeed, it is possible to remove a frog's heart and keep it alive and beating for many hours.

GOLFER'S SURPRISE

Queer Story of a Ball

A golfer on the Romford Links, in Essex, has had a queer experience.

He sent his ball badly over the road when driving, and watched it go through the open window of a bedroom in a doctor's house. On going to the house to recover the ball and make apologies, he found the front door open and the ball on the mat.

It had gone through the window and open door, and rolled down the stairs.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 2 1920

As We Sit by the Fire

THE long bright days of summer have gone, and the short dark days are with us again; and we think with hope and cheerfulness of the glow of the fire.

It is true that coal has been a doleful subject lately, and it is a tragic thing that the cheerful fire should be the theme of so much melancholy talk, with strikes and rumours of strikes interfering with it all. But, after all, the common-sense of mankind will triumph, and we can sit again before the glowing grate, dearer and dearer in more ways than one, and hearten ourselves afresh with hopes and dreams of the days to be.

The fire is the most living thing in the room among all the things short of actual life. The air is living and reviving, but we do not see it as well as feel it. Books are living through the thoughts they bring us, and pictures through the memories they conjure up; but we have to ply our minds to enjoy them, whereas the fire calls to us with a note of cheer through every sense. We see its wavering, changeful flash, we are warmed and caressed by its outreaching touch, and we even feel a friendliness in its encouraging crackle as it gathers strength.

Cheerfulness is the true note of the fire, and the readiest lesson it offers to us.

From its merry blaze it flickers at us the truth taught by Shakespeare three hundred years ago in buoyant song:

The merry heart goes all the way,
The sad tires in a mile.

Boyhood and girlhood, above all, should know the lovely power of cheerfulness, and growing age has even greater need to keep that joyous strain unspoiled by care and fear and hopelessness.

Robert Browning has pictured in an Italian tale the unforeseen effects which the simplest maid may produce by letting her natural joyousness of heart have play as she moves about the world. Pippa was her name, and she was happy because she had an infrequent holiday; and her happiness showed itself by bird-like singing as she passed by all kinds of troubled people. And the infection of her song, the overflowing of a thankful heart, smoothed away in other minds difficulties of which she knew nothing.

It is a charm we may all catch from her with vast advantage to ourselves and to the world—the charm of cheerfulness, the charm of the bright and hopeful heart—and that comes as we sit by the friendly fire.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Truth Will Beat the Guns

THE pen is mightier than the sword, and cheaper.

That is all very interesting about the way in which we broke the spirit of the enemy armies by dropping leaflets from balloons and making known the truth to them. When the war ended we were scattering among the enemy five million leaflets in a month, and they contained the only truth the enemy knew about the war.

The one condition laid down in our propaganda was that everything we said must be true, and the truth went home. We smile to see Hindenburg's rage at the thought of this poison of



He Won the War
Now he is waiting for the New World

truth, to see Ludendorff's despair as to the effects of it all, and to hear the shrieking of that German general about "these ruses, trickery, and underhand methods." Poison wells, suffocate men with gas, pour out liquid fire, drop bombs on women and children, shoot on undefended towns, march girls into slavery, and you are making honourable war, but drop a leaflet from an aeroplane to let a soldier know the truth and you are a thorough-going rascal. Truly the German mind is deeper than an honest man can plumb.

But what we like about all this spreading of the truth among enemy troops—one of the certain causes of the break-up of the Central Powers—is the cheapness of it all. It cost less than one-hundredth part of one day's cost of the war to Britain! Your military man, give him half a chance, would pour out all the gold of Africa in wars; he is the greatest wastrel on the earth, and we like to think of this man with a pen, backed up with truth and a few thousand pounds, coming up to lift us out of the pit that Militarism and its thousands of millions had dug for us.

The Rise and Fall

THE grown-up papers are bothering too much about the Fall of Man. We are more anxious about his rise.

A Boy of the Future

A LITTLE man with a future before him has just been through the Labour Exchange.

He was fixed up as a telegraph messenger at the G.P.O., but his mother thought he had better take another post that had come in the meantime, and our little man went back to report at the exchange. He was told that they would make it right, but his conscience was evidently uneasy. "But how will they go on at the Post Office if I leave them in the lurch?" he said.

If you do not believe in yourself, nobody else in the world will believe in you.

Tip-Cat

A WRITER points out that trouble follows on war as surely as the vulture. The motto of both is carry-on.

THERE has been a strike in the Canary Islands. Things there are always pretty dicky.

MR. ROBERT HICHENS tells us that he writes best under the influence of noise. Sound work.

THE whole world is distracted, a grown-up paper says, and "there is only calm in Greenland." And only there because everything is frozen.

RUNNING accounts: Cricket records.

A SCIENTIST has tamed a snail. Can he teach a wrinkle how to wink?

THREE thousand towels have been stolen from the carriages of one railway company. Its passengers seem to have been a generation of wipers.

LADIES are wearing nail-studded gowns. This explains the talk about the tacks on clothes.

A VISITOR told a reporter he had found much change in London. He should advertise for the people who lost it.

WE understand that the new book on the Seven Wives of Bluebeard does not refer to Henry the Eighth.

A Prayer for Mother's Birthday

LORD JESUS, Thou hast known
A mother's love and tender care;
And Thou wilt hear
While for my own
Mother most dear
I make this birthday prayer.

Protect her life, I pray,
Who gave the gift of life to me,
And may she know,
From day to day,
The deepening glow
Of joy that comes from Thee.

HENRY VAN DYKE

The Song of the Weary Willies

By Harold Begbie

HERE we come slouching our way thro' life,
Grouse, grouse, grouse!
Clinging to trouble and stirring up strife,
Grouse, grouse, grouse!
Why do fools live with a purpose or plan?
We do as little as ever we can,
Giving no Thank You to God or to man,
Grouse, grouse, grouse!

HERE we come frowning from morn to night,
Grouse, grouse, grouse!
Seeing no roses but spreading a blight,
Grouse, grouse, grouse!
What do we care for the song of the lark,
Or the burst of the thrushes before it gets dark?
Better an angry black speech in the Park,
Grouse, grouse, grouse!

JOIN in the chorus of civilised man,
Grouse, grouse, grouse!
Oh, what a pity life ever began,
Grouse, grouse, grouse!
Death is a blessing and gives us our fill,
Yet send for the doctor directly you're ill,
But when he has cured you and sends in his bill—
Grouse, grouse, grouse!

A Note for a Poacher

By Our Town Girl in the Country

Rabbits, of course, are criminals; any farmer or gardener will bear me out. They trespass, they poach, they steal, and they bring up huge families to follow in their wicked little footsteps.

All the same it saddens me to see a noose of wire sticking up among the wild flowers, and to know that some furry vagabond will end his brief days in it before morning.

The other evening, walking by the river, where the grass is tall and sprinkled with the mauves of scabious and knapweed and the flaunting yellow of the ragwort, I came upon a curious thing. It was a scrap of paper, pierced by a piece of wire which had once been a snare, and was now unfastened and harmless. The paper was half a sheet torn from a tradesman's note-book, and on it was written in pencil:

"Sorry to deprive you of your supper; but how would you like to be the rabbit?"

I looked round, half-expecting to see Puck peep out of the hazels, or Tom the Water-Baby lift a mischievous head from the dimpling river, or Brer Rabbit himself, pipe, spectacles, check trousers, red neckerchief, and all, stroll round a large stone; but nobody came.

Nevertheless, I am sure they don't have tradesmen's books in Fairyland, and I concluded that the note was left there for a poacher by some returned soldier, who, having been hunted himself, could sympathise with the hunted better than most folk.

WONDER OF A LITTLE MIND GENIUS THAT COMES TO RARE CHILDREN

Where Does It Come From
and Where Does It Go?

OPAL WHITELEY AND HER CURIOUS BOOK

Is it because our young people now have their own newspaper that grown-ups are beginning to realise how wonderful is the work of some children? Until not long ago only one child lived in literature. Pet Marjorie, as Scott called her, little Margaret Fleming, who died when eight years old, held an unchallenged position in the world as a literary character for over a century.

Then came Daisy Ashford with a book made from a story she wrote in childhood, intensely amusing to grown-ups, but not funny to children.

Two Wonderful Letters

The editor of the C.N. has two letters written years ago by a little Scots girl of nine which are far beyond the powers of both Marjorie and Daisy, her knowledge of great books and of great men, her fancy, tenderness, humour, and fine feeling eclipsing either of these children, as readers of My Magazine will be able to see next month.

Now comes another wonder child, Opal Whiteley, who has produced a book, introduced to the world by Viscount Grey, from a diary which she began to write when she was six. She grew up in a lumber-camp in the backwoods of America, among uncultured people, yet from infancy she showed an amazing knowledge and sense of beauty. Her diary, torn up into a thousand bits by an angry child, has now been pasted together and printed by Messrs. Putnam.

Will the Genius Last?

Everything about her—animals, trees, streams, sunbeams—became, as it were, her personal friends, and she gave them Greek and Roman names. How did she get her knowledge? Keats was 18 before he felt an impulse to write poetry. He was 20 before he saw a translation of Homer and met the heroes of old Greek mythology, and it was the first reading of that book that called forth one of his matchless sonnets.

But that was at 20; Opal Whiteley knew classical subjects at six!

Nobody can account for the modern early flowering of young minds. But a little wayside puddle can mirror the moon, and baby minds seem able for a time to sustain a visitation of genius.

Will the little Polish chess champion grow up a champion? It is doubtful. There lives a professor today who before he was ten could correctly work in his head, in one minute, a multiplication sum of 36 figures, but as he grew up he lost the gift. Things like this are a puzzle to the scientists. One of them, Sir William Barrett, tells this story:

Boy and His Birthdays

A little boy of five, out walking with his father, suddenly asked: "Daddie, at what hour was I born?" He was told. "What time is it now?" he asked, and was told. He walked on in silence for a few hundred yards, then turned to his father, and gave him the number of seconds he had lived. The father wrote down the number, and on getting home worked out the sum on paper. "Ben, you are 172,800 seconds wrong," he said. "Oh, but you have left out the two days for the leap years," said the child.

We can only imagine that such a child is born with the gift for figures in its brain as we imagine young birds to be born with a sense of direction, which will carry them in safety from England to Africa. But the bird's gift will last; the wonder child's probably will not. The mystery of child genius is very often not merely where it comes from, but where it goes.

THE BREAKDOWN OF TWO GREAT MEN

It is a strange and sad fact that the presidents of the two greatest republics in the world have been prostrated by serious illnesses at the same time, when their country's affairs have great need of their wisdom and strength.

President Wilson has lived through the last part of his second term of office under the shadow of suffering and inability to take his full share in the government of his country, and President Deschanel, of the French Republic, has now resigned the highest honour his countrymen could bestow upon him because the cares of his position have seriously unsettled his health.

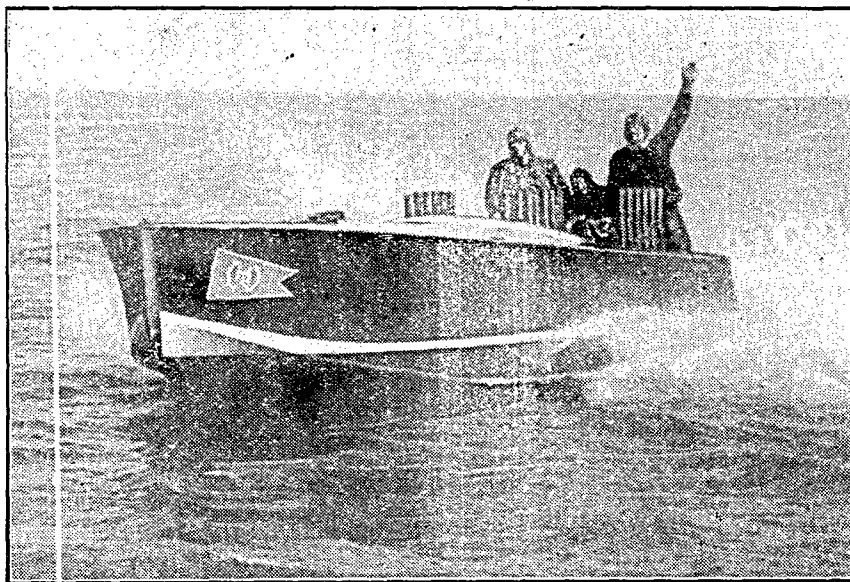
For both these distinguished men, who have won the high regard of all the

world, sincere sympathy will be felt. They have gained worthily the position of greatest honour their country could bestow, and have fallen by the way, overpowered by their thronging duties.

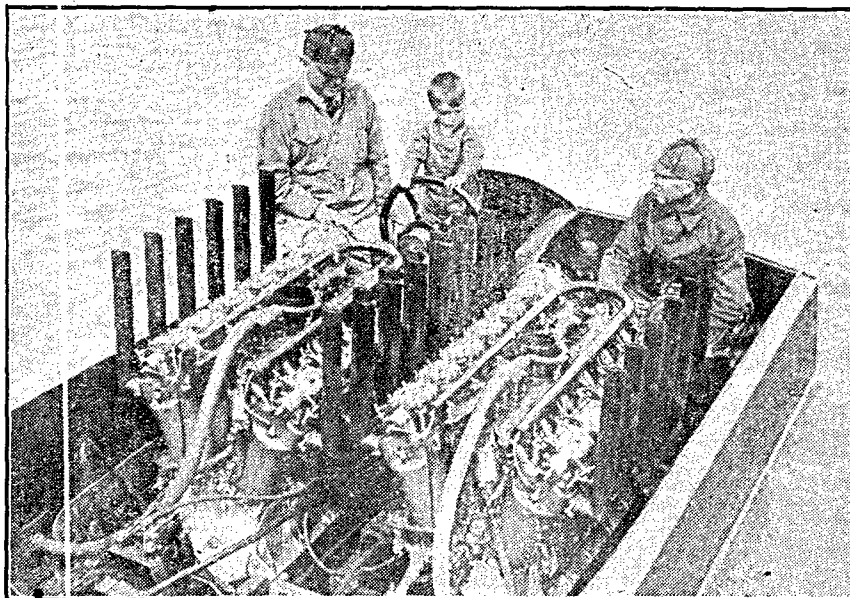
Too often men who give themselves up, heart and soul, to the service of their country are treated, owing to the eagerness of honest public controversy, as if they deserved censure and scorn.

It has not been so with President Deschanel, for the French nation has been appreciative and considerate; but the same can scarcely be said of President Wilson, whose work has had a far more wide-spread importance, and has deserved to win a proud appreciation from his countrymen.

MISS AMERICA MAKES A WORLD RECORD



The wonderful motor-boat, Miss America, going at full speed



The inside of the boat, which is filled with engines

The wonderful American motor-boat, Miss America, which won the Harmsworth Cup in the Solent races recently, has just established a new world record by travelling at over 71 miles an hour on the Detroit River

RARE CROWD ON A MOUNTAIN PEAK

High up on the Matterhorn peak arrangements are being made for leveling out a space where airmen may land on the way over the great Alpine ranges.

The place has now been selected, and its selection brought together a large number of climbers, no fewer than 42 of them—bringing up the number probably to nearly a hundred with guides and porters.

Never had so many been on the mountain-top at the same time before.

Time was when the Matterhorn was reputed to be haunted by evil spirits, and its bad name in that respect kept the superstitious peasantry from climbing to its summit.

Then competition in climbing began, and as the Matterhorn is on the boundary line between Italy and Switzerland

each country coveted the honour of being the first to ascend the mighty peak. That, however, fell to Switzerland and England, for the mountain was first climbed on the Swiss side by four Englishmen with two Swiss guides and a Swiss porter.

On the day when they reached the top the Italians were attempting an ascent from their southern side of the mountain, and had nearly reached the summit when they rushed back, saying they had seen strange beings who shouted angrily and flung stones at them.

It was Mr. Whymper's English party they had seen, and the shouts heard were their cheers.

But the joy was short lived, for four out of the seven victorious climbers were killed during the descent.

'DRAKE IS COMING' BOGEY MAN 300 YEARS OLD

How Mexican Mothers Keep
Their Children Quiet

BLACK DOUGLAS AND HIS MEN

The Prince of Wales, on his way home, has passed the place where Francis Drake was buried at sea—off Colon. Would he hear, we wonder, that strange story told by travellers that, although Drake has been dead more than 300 years, his name is still held in dread in this part of Central America?

A traveller from Mexico, Mr. Edward Smith, heard a woman calm a crying child by saying "Drake is coming," and he tells us that this is still a common threat to children all along the coast.

It was on January 28, 1596, that Drake died of dysentery during his last expedition, and his body, enclosed in a leaden coffin, was dropped into the sea at Nombre de Dios Bay, a few miles from what is now the City of Colon, at the end of the Panama Canal.

Name that Lives On

Sir Henry Newbolt, in his poem "Drake's Drum," suggests that the spirit of the sea king is still living:

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand miles away
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

And now we learn that the great captain's name is still as potent as in those days when the mere rumour that Drake had gone down to Plymouth drove panic-stricken Spaniards from Madrid. The old Spaniards were always in terror of him, never knowing when he might swoop down upon them and carry off their treasures.

Other famous fighters have been used as bogies with which to scare naughty children. It used to be quite common for English mothers to tell their crying youngsters that Boney was coming. This was at the time when Bonaparte was threatening to descend on the English coast with an army of invasion.

Friends of the Children

Farther back still there was the Black Douglas, who was the terror of the borderlands of the North.

On the ramparts of the strong castle of Roxburgh an Englishwoman, the wife of one of the officers of the garrison, was sitting one evening nursing her child, and, looking out on the fields below, she saw some black objects like a herd of cattle straggling near the foot of the wall and approaching the castle moat.

She pointed them out to the sentinel and asked what they were, but he only pooh-poohed and said they were cattle belonging to a local farmer.

"If the Douglas come before morning," he added, "they will be his."

The officer's wife went below to get her child to sleep, singing the ditty:

Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye;
The Black Douglas shall not get ye.

Presently, as the woman sang, a man's voice behind her said, "Don't be too sure of that," and, turning round, she saw the Black Douglas by her side.

The creeping objects had been Douglas and his men. The Black Douglas was a stern fighter, but it is recorded that he protected the woman and her child, as Drake always protected women and children. It was the proud record of our great seaman that he never harmed a woman anywhere.

A curious suggestion was made in 1883 that there should be an attempt to dredge for the great captain's body, but nothing came of it. It is very unlikely, even if the attempt had been made, that it would have been successful.

BLACK MAN AND HIS FUTURE

NEGRO RACE AND ITS PLACE IN THE WORLD

Small Beginnings of a Great Movement in America

AFRICA FOR THE AFRICANS

By Our International Correspondent

Have you ever wondered why some races are white, some black, some yellow, and some betwixt and between? And has it ever occurred to you to ask why the white race considers itself superior to the rest?

Perhaps you think it absurd to suggest that a black or yellow man could be the equal of a white. Yet Confucius, one of the noblest teachers mankind has had, was a Chinaman; and we feel no incongruity in placing Othello, the black man, among our heroes; while, in real life, there have been many belonging to the negro race who have set white men a fine example.

All the great religions, Christianity among them, came from the East, where skins are dark. All the civilisations that flourished before the Greek were, so far as we know, Asiatic. The domination of the white race only began, therefore, some 2500 years ago. Indeed, it is possible that white people have not existed much longer than this.

Triumphs of the White Race

But when we add together all that the Greek and the Roman and the later European civilisations have accomplished, how they have softened manners, tamed the savage in man, added to the refinement and the conveniences of daily life, we have the right to claim that the white race has done more than any of the others to improve the world and its inhabitants, though there still remains so much to be done.

That is why we, the whites, came to think of the black races as children, of the yellow race as old and needing our help, and of the Indians, who were a civilised, manufacturing, artistic people when our ancestors were running naked in the woods, as being below us in the scale of human value.

Negroes Waking Up

But within the memory of middle-aged men and women there has begun a stir among the coloured races; a feeling has grown up among them that they cannot for ever be expected to endure their supposed "inferiority." The Japanese worked hard to show that they could compete with Europe and America. The Indians and Egyptians asked to be allowed a share in governing their countries. Now the blacks, whose home is Africa, are speaking of the day when it will once more belong to them, and a very important negro movement is growing up in the United States to claim "Africa for the Africans."

We cannot be surprised at this, for we ourselves have taught them that liberty is a priceless possession. They have learned from us such maxims as that of Abraham Lincoln, that "no man is good enough to govern any other man without that other's consent."

Slow but Sure

We must, therefore, be careful not to show scorn or to put their aspirations impatiently aside. If we do, they will assuredly come to consider that they can only get what they want by violence.

If we behave generously and frankly towards them, there is every reason to hope that the change from present conditions to those which are bound to come at some future time will be made peacefully. And if the educated negroes are wise, they will press their views moderately, remembering that there are enormous numbers of their race quite uneducated, and that more is to be gained by gradual development than by forceful change.

CONTROLLING SHIPS OUT OF SIGHT

Curious Power of Wireless

IS THERE ANY USE FOR IT?

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

A great deal of labour has been expended by inventors on the subject of the control by wireless of mechanism at a distance, most of their efforts so far being directed towards the wireless navigation of ships and aircraft.

Years ago an American succeeded in directing by wireless the movements of a model vessel quite a fair distance from his apparatus, and many of our readers may have seen the model airship which a year or two ago was exhibited in various music-halls. The ship was very accurately navigated round the hall, ascending, descending, and turning in response to wireless signals from the stage. The inventor even contrived to release tiny bombs from the ship, and to light coloured electric lamps aboard her by the same means.

All this is very interesting, but of very little practical use, because once the aircraft is out of sight of the controller not even wireless could avert a collision with another unseen craft.

But one practical use of remote control has been thought of in America, where the naval authorities propose to use an obsolete warship as a target for

G.P.O.

Most people are puzzled by the changing Post Office rates. Here they are.

Letters—Home

Up to 3 ounces 2d.
Every ounce over ½d.

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Up to 1 ounce 2d.
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Parcels—Home

Up to 2 pounds 9d.
From 2 to 5 pounds 1s.
From 5 to 8 pounds 1s. 3d.
From 8 to 11 pounds 1s. 6d.

Newspapers—Anywhere

Up to 6 ounces 1d.
Every ounce over ½d.
Maximum weight allowed . . 2 pounds

Telegrams—Home

Up to 12 words 1s.
Each word over 1d.

Printed Papers

Up to 1 ounce ½d.
Up to 2 ounces 1d.
Postcards—anywhere 1d.

the fleet. Instead of having this target steamed to the desired spot, necessitating the use of a crew, which must be removed before the firing begins, our ingenious American cousins are going to control it by wireless. This method, besides being time-saving, will enable the authorities to move the ship in evolutions such as she might be expected to perform in wartime, under similar circumstances.

BIG SHOP AT SEA

America's New Trade Idea

The American Republic is planning how she can become "the greatest commercial power in the world," and, as one of her methods, she is sending round the world the great vessel that was formerly the German ship Crown Prince William. The ship is to be fitted up with 1500 advertising exhibits of American manufactures, clothing and machinery of all kinds.

The cruise will cost, they say, £2,000,000; and the West Indies, South America, the Cape, Natal, Australia, Japan, China, India, Turkey, Greece, Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, and England will be visited to induce merchants to trade in American goods.

ANATOLE FRANCE THE GREATEST LIVING WRITER IN FRENCH

Three Reasons Why We All Like Him

FRIEND OF ENGLAND

By Our Literary Correspondent

Everybody is glad to know that Anatole France is better. He is one of the Frenchmen of whom everyone in Europe should know, for he is the most distinguished French writer now living, and is 76.

Though he has not become known throughout Europe as widely as some of the great writers who were his contemporaries—Victor Hugo, Zola, Daudet, in fiction, or Renan or Taine in prose—he is the greatest of them left.

One sign of his distinction is that all his books have been translated, and can be read in English.

Anatole France—

an assumed name for Jacques Anatole Thibault—began, like many authors, by publishing poems. They were well received, but not great, and it is as a writer of prose that he has become famous, and indeed is accepted as perhaps the most charming and delicate present-day writer of the French tongue.

Three things may be remembered about him with pleasure in this country. The first is that he has stirred the minds of his readers to think for themselves.

The great Greek teacher Socrates has lived in men's memories for 2000 years because of his habit of probing deep into truth by asking questions, and that has been the habit of Anatole France. Whatever subject arises he accepts nothing as a matter of custom, but inquires all round it to find what really is right.

British and French Alliance

The second notable thing is that when Anatole France has interested himself in a subject the view he has taken has almost always proved sound. His rapid-thinking countrymen are apt to become excited and rush to conclusions for which they are sorry in later years, and his method of inquiry after truth has had a steadying influence.

And, last, Anatole France has been a consistent friend of our country. He understands the British character and mind better than many Frenchmen understand it. He knows how important it is that the British and French should be bound together in an understanding friendship, and no man has done more to keep the two nations in a trustful alliance with each other.

So that we can rejoice over the recovery of a great Frenchman and a great friend of England.

VANISHED PENNYWORTH

Pre-War Toys in the Museum

In the Children's Room of the London Museum is an enthralling little show, presented by Mr. Ernest King, of children's toys that could be bought for a penny in the London streets in 1914.

Just before the war a Canadian, who is perhaps better known personally throughout Canada than any other man, Mr. George Ham of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was being "seen off" from Liverpool after his first visit to the Old Country, and as a final question he was asked what had impressed him most in England. "What can be bought for a penny" was his reply—yet he had seen most of the things best worth seeing.

Now little eyes gaze enraptured at the glass cases where repose, out of reach, the marvellous treasures that cost a penny only in the good old days before the war.

OUR FOOD SUPPLY

Depending on Other Countries

Though England and Wales cannot feed themselves with their farm produce, the amount they can send to market is very important, as was shown during the war.

Much more land was then brought under cultivation, and millions felt the benefit. Now the home produce is declining again.

The acreage under crops and grass, now about 26,520,000 acres, shows a decline of 228,000 acres for the present year, and 500,000 acres when compared with the year 1917.

Wheat has decreased by 1,877,000 acres
Oats have decreased by 300,000 acres
Barley has increased by 137,000 acres
Beans have decreased by 10 per cent
Potatoes have increased by 70,000 acres
Grass land (with hay) has increased 600,000 acres

On the whole the returns show a change from corn to grass.

There has been a decline in animal stock. Thus, cattle are fewer by 647,000; horses fewer by 25,000; sheep fewer by 1,750,000, and the only increase is in the number of pigs.

The figures point to a return towards dependence on other countries for food.

PLAYFUL RABBIT

Irish Boy and His Pet

A Clonmel boy gives this account of a rabbit which made itself his playmate.

My rabbit, now dead, would run to meet me when I came home from school, and jump and play around as if to welcome me.

When I went out he would run after me round and round a tree.

In the morning he would run up the stairs to meet me, and accompany me down, playing all the way.

At meal-time he would jump on my knee for food, and jump down to eat it. He would open the kitchen press and take from it the bread he liked best.

He also had his mischievous points, for he would nibble woodwork, and once he cut the lace that was in my boot.

He died through eating something which did not agree with him.

HOW MANY BIRDS DO YOU SEE?

A Boy Who Knows 119

In mentioning the 51 birds that have been seen in Kensington Gardens, London, we asked our country readers to name the birds they have observed.

The only list we have received that exceeds the Kensington Gardens total comes from Presteigne, in Radnorshire, where one of our readers, J. W. B. Griffith, says he has observed, during the last five years, 105 birds that breed in the neighbourhood, and 14 that move on or stay without breeding. He names the 119.

They show very minute observation of birds that are easily mistaken for each other, and if our correspondent continues his watchful studies he will be a very useful naturalist.

PUSSY'S LOOK-OUT

Watching for His Friend

A Kensington correspondent writes of the intelligent manner in which a cat showed its affection for a member of the household.

Some time ago we had a cat that was very fond of my sister. When she went to school in the morning he would mew pitifully for some time, and then go upstairs into my bedroom. For a time I wondered why, and then I watched.

The bedroom had casement curtains, and faced the road which my sister crossed when returning from school. By means of these curtains puss could perch himself on a ledge formed by the window frame and the curtain rail, and he waited there patiently till she came home.

Directly he saw her he would scramble down the curtain, dash down the stairs, and wait for her at the door. I wonder how he first formed his plan.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Hedge-Sparrow Sings Again

SNIPES BEGIN TO ARRIVE

By Our Country Correspondent

October 3. Although the common snipe is resident with us all the year round, many migrants also come for the winter, and these are now beginning to arrive from the north. The snipe haunts the marshy and fen districts, and it is there that it may be seen.

October 4. The hedge-sparrow, which is not really a sparrow though it looks like one, is resuming its song, a bright, cheerful note something like the robin's, and we are all very glad to hear it at this more or less silent period of the year.

October 5. Walnuts, the nuts of Jupiter, as the ancients called them, are now ripe and falling from the trees in the southern counties. In the more northerly districts, however, they rarely ripen properly. The green, fleshy covering turns brown when October comes, and splits, disclosing the nut inside.

October 6. The horse chestnut leaves, which last week we saw turning brown, are now falling, and so are those of the sycamore, while the leaves of the beech and birch have begun to change colour.

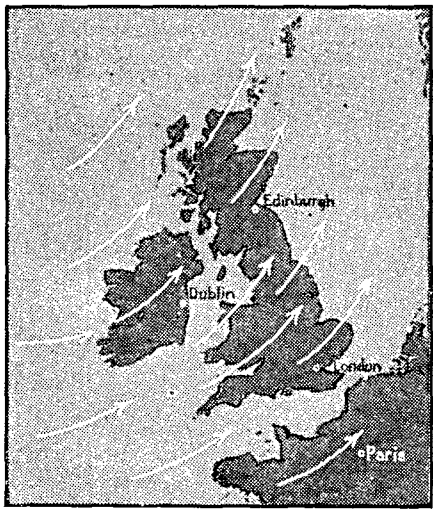
October 7. The bulk of the martins have now set off for the sunny south, and will spend the winter in Central Africa. A few, however, are still left, but these, too, will not be long before they fly away after their fellows.

October 8. The ivy might almost be regarded as a wise plant, for its greenish-yellow flowers would pass unnoticed in the summer, when the countryside is ablaze with colour, so it reserves its blossoms for the autumn, when there are few other flowers, and we now take notice of them.

October 9. Sloes, which are really wild plums, are now ripe, and country people often gather them to steep in beverages to give these a flavour. As a fruit they are harsh, though when perfectly ripe they are not unpleasing to the taste. When the blossoms are out in the spring the plant is better known as the blackthorn.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Winds of October



This map shows the direction of the prevailing winds in the United Kingdom during October

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Take up and store beet in a damp place where they will be safe from severe frost. Finish planting out cabbage for spring use; also coleworts. Chervil may be sown for spring use.

Continue to earth up celery. Take up, and protect from frost, any plants that will not withstand the winter, such as dahlias, cannas, fuchsias, lobelias, and pelargoniums. The beds should also be cleared of all summer bedding plants, and after being edged and dug should be planted with dwarf shrubs, violas, alyssums, myosotis, silene, wallflowers and like plants.

UNDERSTANDING THE WASP

FRENCH NATURALIST STUDIES ITS WAYS

Digger Wasp and its Tunnel-Making

ITS PARALYSED VICTIMS

From a Professor's Chair

Much has been written about the digger wasps, that sink shafts in the earth, lay their eggs in the recesses, and provision them with paralysed insects—a larder for the wasp-grubs when they are hatched. But every fresh study deepens our knowledge, and we welcome some new observations by Dr. Raband.

To begin with, the observer watched the digger wasp, *ammophila* by name, in the act of excavating a burrow in the earth that had accumulated at the mouth of a little drain through a road-side wall with a southern aspect.

He heard a buzz, and there was the insect, working hard with jaws and fore-legs, holding firm with the second and third pair of legs, and vibrating its wings without ceasing. At almost regular intervals the tunnel maker stopped, flew off for a yard or so with a little earth in its mouth, let this drop, and returned to digging. This routine was repeated over and over again like clockwork; but sometimes the excavated earth was carried out and dropped, a few inches away, without any actual flying.

Puzzling the Wasp

The tunnel being complete, the wasp brings a paralysed caterpillar to it, and lays in egg; it may bring others, up to half a dozen, without laying more eggs.

The wall was a long one, and to human eyes one part of it was very like another, yet the wasp that flies off with a burden of earth flies straight back again without any hesitation. It retraces its steps, if we can speak of steps in the air. It remembers its movements, just as we do in a blindfolding game.

But when Dr Raband disguised the mouth of the burrow the wasp was puzzled, and sometimes failed altogether to find it, though it was close by. This shows that the wasp has in its brain a picture of the mouth of the burrow—a photograph, as it were, that it takes when it is beginning to make its excavation. But a curious little point is that some disguises of the hole were baffling, while others were not.

Food for the Next Generation

A particular kind of digger wasp hunts for a particular kind of caterpillar, and only occasionally departs from its rule. Now that inimitable observer, Henri Fabre, showed that the wasp grubs could thrive on food quite different from that with which the mother provisioned the burrow. So it does not seem that it is of any great advantage that the mother wasp should almost always keep to one kind of booty.

The mother wasp paralyses the caterpillars which she collects, and various suggestions have been made as to the usefulness of this procedure. It may keep the caterpillars fresh for the appetite of the wasp grubs; but it has been shown that when the caterpillars die, as often happens, the wasp grubs are still able to thrive. Perhaps the paralysing makes it easier for the mother wasp to handle her victims.

The deeper we probe into these secrets the more intricate they seem to become. Easy-going descriptions are almost always wrong, and the changes here indicated as now necessary in the telling of the story of the digger wasps show us how slow we should be to think we have got to the bottom of anything.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

Can Flies Breed in a Heap of Leaves?

Leaves rot as they become moist, and form a compost of vegetable garbage in which grubs from the eggs of flies may find food to sustain their larval life.

What Do Oak Eggar Caterpillars Eat?

The foliage of hawthorn and blackthorn is probably their commonest food, but the larva are to be found on laurels, and even on the leaves of the holly.

Can a Bat See at Night?

Yes; bats see quite well in twilight and in what to human eyes is the blackness of night. They cannot see in absolute darkness—nothing can; nor can they see clearly in the glare of the sun.

Why Are Dead Birds so Rarely Seen?

They are all too common after wintry weather and unfavourable nesting seasons, but the great numbers that die every year are eaten by animals, by birds of prey, and by carnivorous insects.

Has a Snail a Heart?

Yes; a snail has a heart, whose beat varies with temperature, rapid under the influence of heat, slow in cold weather. During the winter sleep of the snail the heart practically ceases to pulsate at all.

Does a Stone Grow?

No; unless we say that it grows less. Flints were formed in past ages, under water, mainly from silica, just as the great chalk cliffs and limestone mountains were formed from the remains of dead shell life.

How Many Kinds of Lizards are There in England?

We have five native species of lizard: the snake-like slow-worm, the common lizard, the sand lizard, the green lizard, and the wall lizard, all entirely harmless to men, and his good friends as destroyers of insects.

What Do Ants Live On?

They eat practically all that can be eaten—fruit, vegetable matter, anything they can find in the larder they raid. One colony, in the course of a few days, ate the fleshy interior of a large dead tortoise.

Why Does White Attract Insects?

White is less attractive by day to insects than other colours. It is at night that the white flower is most effective, for then its fragrance is strongest, and its colour, the only one perceptible in the gloom, makes it stand out like a beacon to welcome night-flying moths.

What Are Loofahs?

A loofah is the fibrous skeleton of a vegetable growth belonging to the gourd family. The fleshy part dries up, its watery contents evaporate, and the skeleton remains for use as the best of brisk friction machines in the bath. Loofahs may be seen growing on their vines at Kew Gardens.

Do Flowers Feel Pain?

Recent investigations reveal the fact that plants are much more sensitive than had been supposed. They are injured by violence and they reveal evidence of shock, of flagging vitality when hurt, and a rise of energy when recovering. They do not feel pain, but their vital processes are injured.

Can a Lion Be Tamed?

Undoubtedly they can be to a certain extent; thousands have been. Rosa Bonheur, the French artist, genuinely tamed her lions. But many lions that we see perform are more trained than tamed, and an explosion of instinctive ferocity may at any moment bring disaster to their trainers. Still, one such lion once defended its master against eighteen other lions when they attacked him in a circus arena.

SIGNPOST IN THE SKY

STAR THAT GUIDES US TO A PLANET

Strange World That Spins on Its Side

URANUS, EARTH'S BIG BROTHER

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Far down in the southern sky there may be seen, about nine o'clock in the evening, a solitary bright star of the first magnitude.

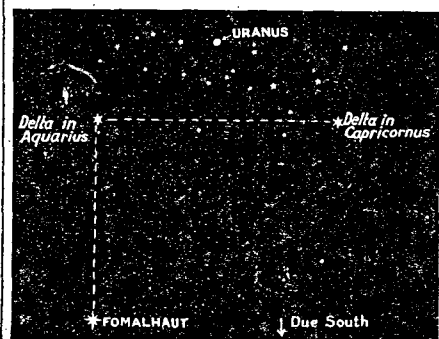
This is Fomalhaut, by far the brightest star in the constellation of the Southern Fish, or *Piscis Australis*.

Fomalhaut represents the eye of this imaginary denizen of southern skies. In Britain it peeps only just above the horizon for a few hours in autumn evenings, but if we were in Cape Colony or Australia it would look down upon us from overhead, when it would appear much more magnificent.

Actually it is a glorious sun, some fifteen times brighter than our own; it is about 1,600,000 times farther away than our Sun, which accounts for the difference in brilliance. Indeed, the light of Fomalhaut reaching our eyes at this moment left the star 25 years ago.

How to Find Uranus

Now, Fomalhaut, though it is so far away, is our guide for finding a world very much nearer to us, the mysterious Uranus. To find it the accompanying star-map needs to be followed very closely, for the planet is only just visible as a very faint star. Due north of Fomalhaut, between 20 and 25 times



Position of the planet Uranus

the apparent width of the Moon away, will be seen a third magnitude star, Delta in Aquarius, while still farther to the right is another star of medium brightness, Delta in Capricornus. These two stars, with Fomalhaut, form approximately a right-angled triangle, and it is among the number of small stars above and midway between the two Deltas that Uranus is to be seen.

The stars are exactly indicated on the map, though its small scale will make them appear closer together than they really are.

The discovery of this planet by the elder Herschel in March, 1781, was one of the great events of astronomy. It is a globe nearly four times the width of the Earth—about 30,000 miles in diameter—and it rolls through space at about four miles a second, but little more than a quarter of the speed of our Earth.

Greenish-Blue World

To us it shines with a greenish-blue light, weird and wonderful because so unlike the other planets, with its belts of what are believed to be the dense clouds of an enormous atmosphere. These belts are upright instead of horizontal, as on Jupiter and Saturn, showing that the world spins on its side in relation to the solar system, like a peg-top that has rolled over.

It spins the reverse way to all other planets, its four moons also revolving around it the reverse way.

It is believed that this apparent reversing is the result of Uranus and his moons having at some time in the course of long ages turned right over, so that its south pole has, as it were, become slightly uppermost. G. F. M.

OUT OF BOUNDS

An Exciting Story of the
Secret of an Old Ruin : : Told by
T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Standish Prynn and Bee, his sister, are the only children of Franklyn Prynn who has started a school in the old family seat of Storr Royal.

Stan, as Standish is called, is to be a boarder at the school, and he is sitting talking to his sister on the day that the boys arrive for the new term when he sees Adnan Delmar disappear among the ruined part, which is out of bounds to the scholars. They follow him, and are locked in a secret underground passage, from which, however, they find another exit and escape with the help of Hank Harker, an American pupil at the school.

Just as they do so Delmar appears, and Bee accuses him of shutting them in the passage. He denies all knowledge of the affair, saying he has only just arrived and has not been near the ruins.

CHAPTER 4 Priest's Cove

YOUNG Delmar spoke with such complete assurance that his three listeners were left gasping, and for the moment not one of them could find a word to say.

Bee was the first to recover.

"But I saw you," she declared.

"We both saw you come across the quadrangle," said Stan, "and go straight through the gate into the ruins."

Hank caught Stan by the arm.

"Shut right up!" he whispered. "Here's your Dad."

Sure enough, Mr. Prynn himself was coming quickly past. He stopped.

"Ah, so you're back, Delmar," he said. "And you, Harker—I'm glad to see that you have arrived safely. You must come to see me later. Standish, take Harker and show him round. You and he are in the same dormitory. Bee, dear, you had better come with me. It's tea-time."

Bee paused. She was very upset, and for a moment it looked as if she were going to tackle Delmar again. But she caught a quick glance from her brother, and went off with her father, without a word.

Delmar turned and strolled away, leaving Hank and Stan together.

The two looked at one another.

"What's his game?" asked Hank.

"Ask me another. I haven't a notion."

Hank turned, and looked at the great mass of ivy-clad ruin towering against the blue September sky.

"It's a dinky old place," he said admiringly. "I'd like to go over it myself."

"It's out of bounds," Stan told him. "But some day I'll get my father to show you over."

"That's fine," said Hank, as he picked up his rope and coiled it. "Say, come around to the box-room while I put this rope away."

"It's a fine rope," said Stan, examining it. "So light and yet so strong."

"You bet. It's the one my old dad used for roping steers out in Montana."

"Is that your State?"

"It was. Dad's dead, you see."

"I'm sorry," said Stan quietly.

"It's tough," replied Hank. "He and I were good pals. But I've got Mother still, so that's something."

"She's English," he went on. "So now that the ranch is sold she's come back to her folk over here."

While they talked they had reached the big shed where the play-boxes were kept. As Hank put his rope away, Delmar came up. His box was next to Hank's. He opened it and took out a big, rich-looking plum-cake.

"Have some?" he said, as he began to cut it.

"Thanks, no," replied Hank curtly, and in the same breath Stan also declined.

"The chap's got cheek for ten," remarked Hank, as he and Stan walked off together. "He'll bear watching, Prynn."

Before night Stan had decided that Hank was one of the best, and he was pleased to find that Hank evidently returned his liking. Other boys chaffed Hank about his American way of speaking, but Hank took it all with good humour, and gave as good as he got.

As for Stan himself he felt a little strange at first, but he had the advantage of knowing a lot of the boys already, and he soon settled down.

After breakfast next morning the new boys went to Mr. Prynn to be examined for their places in the school, and Stan was delighted to find that he and Hank were in the same form, the Third.

This was Saturday, but regular lessons would not begin till the following Monday. Mr. Prynn, however, had no idea of allowing his boys to wander round at a loose end, and a notice was put up by Burton, captain of the school, that there would be a paper-chase that afternoon, and that all boys were expected to run.

"This is going to be a heap of fun," said Hank as, dressed in shorts and singlet, he joined the hounds at the starting point. "Say, Prynn," he went on, as he looked round, "where's that Delmar fellow? Ain't he running?"

"Not he," replied Stan. "He told Burton he'd got a bad ankle, and was excused."

Hank grinned, and just then the signal was given to start.

The trail of torn paper ran inland, then circled widely towards the coast. About three miles from the school the trail forked and there was a check. Hank grew impatient.

"Let's try this way," he said to Stan. "Looks to me like the right one."

Without waiting for a reply he started off, and Stan, though not feeling at all sure that he was right, followed.

Presently the trail failed completely. They could not find a scrap of paper.

"It don't matter," said Hank. "If we get up on top of that bluff there, I guess we can see the hares."

The hillside was steep, and when they did reach the top there was not only no trail but no sign of either hares or hounds. The two boys found themselves quite alone on the summit of a great cliff overlooking the sea.

"Now we've done it," said Stan. "Pshaw! What's the odds?" answered Hank. "Let the other fellows catch the hares. You and I can jog back along the top of the cliffs. The view's fine!"

Hank was right. The view was magnificent. A strong breeze was blowing and long breakers were bursting against the foot of the cliff, sending up great spouts of foam.

The pair went on easily side by side, and when within about a mile of the school came upon a small bay running deep into the land.

"Priest's Cove," said Stan. "Great place for smugglers in the old days."

"Guess there are some there still," replied Hank, peering over the edge of the cliff, and pointing to two figures on the strip of sand below.

Stan looked, and started.

"One of them's Delmar!" he exclaimed.

"You're right! Delmar it is, but he ain't got his school cap on. And who's the cove in the rat-catcher's kit he's so thick with?"

CHAPTER 5 The Sea Cave

DELMAR it was—Delmar wearing a tweed cap, and deep in conversation with a very queer-looking man. As Stan and Hank watched they saw the pair move off side by side across the strip of sand towards the cliff, which they began to climb.

"Delmar's ankle must have got well mighty quick," said Hank, drily.

"But what on earth are they after?" asked Stan eagerly.

"Nothing good, I'll be bound. I reckon it's up to us to find out," replied Hank.

"Come on, then. I know the way down."

"No hurry, son. We don't want them to see us."

Flinging themselves down, they waited. Delmar and his queer companion clambered from ledge to ledge until they were about fifty feet above the beach. Then all of a sudden they disappeared.

"It's a cave! They've gone into a cave!" said Stan.

"That's about the size of it. I told you they were smugglers."

"Nonsense! That's all done with a hundred years ago."

"Well, they didn't climb all that way for nothing. But now's our chance to get down to the beach."

Stan led the way, and ten minutes later the two had reached the strip of beach at the foot of the cliffs. The tide was coming in, and the waves were breaking heavily upon the yellow sand.

Hank drew Stan behind a big rock, and had hardly done so before Delmar and his friend appeared again on the ledge opposite, and began to climb downwards.

"They haven't got any loot!" whispered Hank, staring hard at them.

"And they're looking pretty cross," added Stan.

"It's a queer go," said Hank thoughtfully. "Soon as they've gone, we'll go and squint around a bit."

To reach the path Delmar and his queer friend came right past the rock where the others were hiding. Delmar was frowning, and the other's face wore an ugly scowl. Delmar's companion was short but very broad, and had a low forehead and a crooked nose. He had not shaved for a day or two, and his chin and cheeks were covered with a blue stubble.

The minute they were out of sight, Stan and Hank started for the cave.

"We'll have to hurry," Stan said. "The tide's coming in fast, and it'll be all across the beach in less than an hour."

The climb was easy enough, and it was not long before the two stood at the entrance of a low, black tunnel, running straight into the heart of the cliff. The mouth was cunningly hidden by a big rock, perched on the ledge outside.

"A smuggler's cave all right!" said Stan, as he led the way in.

They went straight on until the light began to fail. Luckily Hank had matches, and, lighting one, they went on.

Suddenly the tunnel divided into two. One branch went straight on; the other curved away to the right.

"Straight on, I guess," said Hank examining the floor. "Here's their footmarks in the dust."

On they went, the tunnel sloping steadily upwards.

"This isn't a cave," said Hank. "It's a reg'lar tunnel, like a mine."

"They did mine tin here in the old days," replied Stan. "I wonder if there is tin here?"

Hank pulled up short.

"If there is we'll never know it," he said, drily. "For here's where we stop."

He struck a fresh match and held it up, and Stan gave a low whistle. The roof was down, and the whole passage choked with a mass of fallen rock.

"That's what made Delmar and Company so cross," grinned Hank. "Well, we'd better follow their example and get back."

There was nothing else for it, so back they went. Reaching the branch tunnel Hank stopped again.

"Let's have a peep at this," he said.

"All right. But hurry," said Stan.

The roof here was higher, and, unlike the other, this was a natural tunnel. A few steps led them into a real cave, with a lofty, vaulted roof. The floor was rough and uneven, and very wet.

"Go slow, Hank," said Stan, warningly. "I can hear the waves plainly. There must be a hole somewhere, leading down to the sea."

"You're right. There's a wind, too. There goes my match!"

They pulled up and stood in the darkness, while Hank lit another match. This was difficult, for a strong draught blew through the place, while below, and seemingly quite close, the waves boomed with a deep, hoarse note, which had an unpleasantly threatening sound.

"This is a pig of a place," said Stan uncomfortably. "Let's get out of it."

"Just a jiff," answered Hank. "We're close to the end."

Shielding his match in both hands, he went on towards the end of the cave. Stan followed, but unwillingly.

Suddenly Hank pulled up again.

"You were right, son. Here's a hole, and don't you forget it!"

Stan drew a quick breath. He was standing on the very edge of a circular shaft, about ten feet across, which dropped sheer into utter darkness. It was like a rock pipe, and the sides were polished almost as smooth as glass. From the black depths beneath came a hoarse, angry rumbling, mixed with a strange hissing sound.

"A real ugly place," said Hank. "And see! The pipe goes right up through the roof of the cave."

"Thanks. I've seen all I want," said Stan. "And if we don't get back at once, we shan't get back at all today."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before there came a blast of air from the depths of the pit which not only blew the match out, but nearly blew them off their feet. Then, with a deep roar, a great body of water came spouting upwards. Stan felt it strike him like a wave, and bear him backwards. He was conscious of a yell from Hank. Then the wave was over his head and roaring in his ears. It had seized him, and was dragging him irresistibly towards the mouth of that terrible pit.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Owl's Nest

JACK had seen the owl, a fine large white one, hovering round the same tree for several nights, and was determined at the first opportunity to try to secure an egg or a young owl!

The tree, a very large oak, stood in the rectory grounds, and at some time or other the whole of the upper branches had been sawn off, giving the tree an odd, stumpy appearance.

It was of great girth, being a full eighteen or twenty feet in circumference, and presented a problem in climbing that spurred Jack Freeman to make the attempt one night on his return from the market town where he had been sent by the farmer for whom he worked.

The moon hung like a lamp overhead, shedding a clear, yellow light through the overhanging branches of the trees, as Jack began to climb the old oak.

The rector and his family had gone on a visit, so that Jack had no fear of being disturbed. The old owl, too, he felt sure, would be from home.

It was a stiff climb, but at last he reached the large, irregular hole from which he had seen the owl emerge.

He was peering into the blackness when the round bole on which he sat suddenly collapsed beneath him, and Jack found himself, half-stunned, half-choked, lying on a heaped-up pile of dry, powdery wood inside the hollow stump.

It was a strange prison in which he found himself, and the problem of escaping from it seemed incapable of solution.

He could see the moon and a patch of dark-blue sky through the opening above his head. The opening itself was a good twelve feet from where he stood.

He tried again and again to reach it, and at last he gave up the attempt.

He fell asleep, and was awakened by something touching him. He listened intently. Some distance off he heard the sound of voices, then a shout, and a noise of feet running rapidly along the road.

He rose. Something swung against him. Terror held him fast for a moment, but he quickly recovered his courage and put his hand before him.

Something heavy, a bag, was hanging on a rope; hanging, seemingly, from a branch above the opening at the top.

Jack's spirit rose; the rope was a stout one, and would bear his weight easily. He grasped it with both hands.

Half an hour later old Farmer Milford was astonished at the entry of his boy Jack with a great sack upon his shoulder.

The sack was opened, and was found to contain all the silver and jewels which had been stolen from the rectory that very night, and which the thieves, who had evidently been startled while carrying it away, had placed for safety in the old hollow tree.

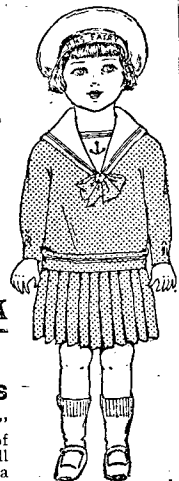
**GIVEN
FREE!**

**Wonderful
Patterns
For Boys
And Girls**

THIS WEEK

**A Doll's
Sailor Dress**

"Children's Fairy" is giving away 4 of these patterns in all—a sailor dress, a model of Jummy, the baby elephant, a doll's nightdress and combinations, and a cowboy's hat. They are very easy to make up. Make sure YOU have them all. They are free each Thursday inside every copy of



**THE CHILDREN'S
FAIRY**
PRICE 2d.
The ideal coloured Picture Paper

Oh, Who Will Walk a Mile with Me Along Life's Merry Way?

Dr. MERRYMAN

The Lucky Find

Two Irish porters went into an eating-house and ordered an egg each with bread-and-butter and coffee for breakfast.

When Mike opened his egg he started back.

"Arrah," said he, "there's a chicken inside!"

"Hush," answered Pat, "or they'll charge ye more. Chickens are three shillings each now, and ye've paid only threepence for this one."

What Weather Do You Want?

IN England if two are conversing together,

The subject begins with the state of the weather;

And ever the same, both with young and with old,

It's either too hot or else it's too cold,

It's either too wet, or else it's too dry,

The glass is too low, or else it's too high.

But if all had their wishes once jumbled together.

Pray which of us is there could live in such weather?

Three Rules for Success

1. Go on
2. Go on
3. Go on

The New Watch

A COUNTRYMAN was asked if his new watch was going.

"Well," said he, "it would not go at all till I went to market, and then it went altogether."

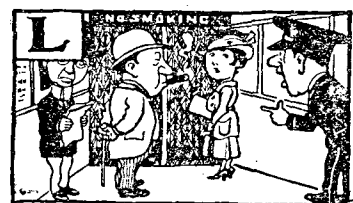
A Picture Alphabet

HERE are two more letters in the picture alphabet of the Merry Poet of the Underground Railway.



K is the Knowledge our engineers gain

From records compiled of the work of each train.



L is the Liftman who shouts himself hoarse, Though some people take no notice, of course.

What Am I?

THOUGH much attached to meritment, Or crime for a variety, To prison I am never sent, But sparkle in society.

Answer next week

Do You Live at Hull?

THIS name is very interesting. Originally the town was called Wyke-upon-Hull, which means the dwelling upon the hollow, or river. Then the name was changed to Kingston-on-Hull which means the king's town on the river, and finally all was dropped but the Hull, which is really the old English word holl, a hollow.

Painless Punishment

A BOY was invited to enter the headmaster's study for the purpose of receiving punishment.

"Please, sir," said the boy, "can I have g.s.?"

A Picture-Lesson in Geography



This picture represents the name of an English village. Do you know what it is? Solution next week

A Boy's Testimonial

IN the old days when a stay at a public school did not necessarily mean that a boy received a good education, an older lad was reprimanded by the headmaster for his lack of progress.

"Why, you know less than your younger brother," said the master.

"True, sir," replied the boy, "but I have been here longer than he has."

School Howlers

HERE are some answers given by scholars to questions set in examinations:

What is the plural of pillow? Bolster.

What is the feminine of Jew? Gentile.

Compare the adjective ill. Ill, worse, dead.

What is the plural of penny? Twopence.

Who is the first boy mentioned in the Bible? Chap. I of course.

The English Climate

AN Englishman being asked by some French and Italian friends when he discarded his winter clothing, replied "On June 24th."

"And when do you put it on again?" was the further inquiry.

"On June 25th," replied the Englishman.

A Queer Change

WHERE head and body duly meet, I am as slender as a bee; Whether I stand on head or feet—My figure shows its symmetry.

But when my head is cut away The metamorphosis is strange; Though both of them unaltered stay, Body and head—no nothing change.

Answer next week

Why Did the Pillbox?

WHY did the pillbox? Because the pianoforte.

When did the yew bough? When it met the elderberry.

Why did the corn field? Because it saw the cricket bat.

When was the sheep surprised? When the chimney flue.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Find the Missing Vowels

Oh, on old towers, thou gloomy owl, Thou lovest to hoot, thou lovest to howl.

Or on old oaks your hollow tone So lost, so solemn, sound alone, So mournful no one loves to go Or of your hooting howls to know.

What Are We? The letters M E

Jacko Sounds the Gong

WHEN Big Brother Adolphus told the family that his old school friend Gustavus was coming home from Canada, Mother Jacko said:

"Well, to be sure! I wonder if he has changed much. I remember him quite well—a great fellow, always laughing."

"I remember him, too," put in Jacko. "Fat, lazy chap; wouldn't get up in the mornings. Always late for—"

"That was a long time ago," interrupted Mrs. Jacko, anxious to keep the peace. "He's a man now."

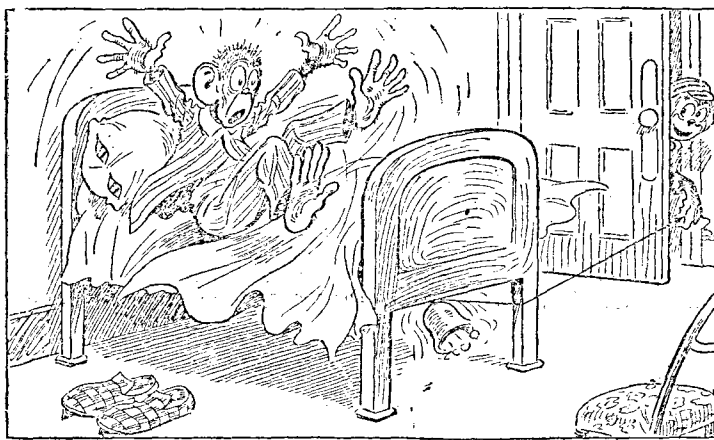
"I'd like to have him down for the week-end," said Adolphus.

"Well, why not?" replied his father. "Invite him, my boy, by all means."

And so Gustavus was invited, and in due time he arrived.

He hadn't changed a bit. He was still fat and lazy, but he was always good tempered, and his stock of funny stories never seemed to come to an end. He was good company, and so he was popular, and he stayed a long time.

But one little habit he had that proved very annoying—he was always late for breakfast—very late. It was an old habit that he evidently hadn't grown out of. It annoyed Mrs. Jacko



There was such a clanging

because she wanted to get the meal over; and it annoyed Jacko, because he hated to be kept waiting half an hour for his egg and bacon.

The visitor's excuse was always the same—he never heard the bell, and couldn't wake.

"I'll wake him, the lazy beggar!" said Jacko to himself.

And there and then he went off for the alarm clock, which he set for 8 a.m., and put on the mantelpiece in Gustavus's room.

To his surprise, Gustavus came down to breakfast next morning later than ever, with the clock in pieces in his hand.

"Afraid I've smashed the thing," he said, roaring with laughter. "Never heard such a tick in my life. Made such a row that I aimed a boot at it and knocked it over."

Disappointment didn't prevent Jacko from making a very good meal, and the sight of a big stable-bell in the tool-shed, a little later, gave him a brilliant inspiration.

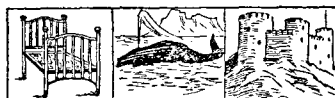
As soon as the coast was clear he went up to the spare room, laid the bell under the bed, tied a string firmly to the top of it, and tucked the end of the string away out of sight.

At eight o'clock the next morning, when Gustavus was sleeping soundly, he crept into the room, picked up the string, and carried it outside the door.

The next moment there was such a clanging in the house that the neighbours thought the house must be on fire.

Gustavus jumped up as if he had been shot, looking so scared that Jacko burst out laughing, and, of course, gave himself nicely away.

Ici on Parle Français



Le lit La baleine Le château

Allons vite nous mettre au lit
Jonas fut avalé par une baleine
Nous allons visiter ce château



La fontaine Le léopard Le monument

Il y a des poissons dans la fontaine
Le léopard guette sa proie
Admirez donc ce beau monument

Notes and Queries

What is a Pedant? A pedant is one who makes a needless display of learning, and lays great stress upon trifling points of scholarship.

What does Ph.D. mean? Ph.D. after a man's name stands for the Latin words Philosophiae Doctor, meaning Doctor of Philosophy, a degree granted at certain universities.

What is Foreclosure? Foreclosure is the barring by legal proceedings of the right to redeem mortgaged property. To foreclose is to seize the property, so that the owner who borrowed money on its security cannot any longer possess it.

ABC Stories

The Elephant

STANDS for elephant—the elephant the children rode on the day they went to the Zoo.

It was Uncle Bob who took them. He was just home from India, and he knew such a lot about the creatures of the jungle that they never tired of hearing his tales.

He told them once about a journey he had taken on the back of an elephant.

"Oh," cried Babs, "I'd give anything to ride on an elephant!"

"Give me a kiss," said her uncle, laughing, "and you shall have your ride tomorrow. You and I and Leslie will go off directly after breakfast and spend the day at the Zoo."

Leslie was two years older than Babs, but he was just as excited about it as his little sister; and when tomorrow came and they pushed their way through the turnstile and came out into the fine Zoo grounds, they hardly knew what to do first.

Leslie wanted to go straight to the elephants, but Babs said:

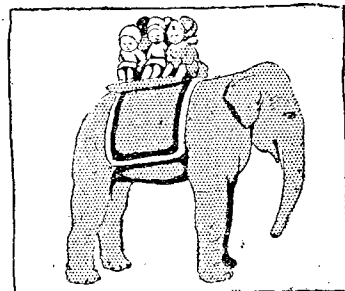
"Oh, no! Let's leave that till last."

So they bought buns and nuts, and went to visit all the animals in turn.

They fed the bears and the monkeys, and saw the lions and the beautiful birds and the queer penguins and the clever trapdoor spiders, and heaps of other creatures, and then it was time for their ride.

Babs could hardly wait to be lifted up into the high saddle, but at last they were off, and away they went, jog-trot, jog-trot, all round the grounds.

"Isn't it fine?" cried Leslie.



At last they were off

"Yes," agreed Babs; "but I wish that man wouldn't keep teasing the poor thing with his horrid little stick. Look! He's doing it again!"

They were passing a pond as she spoke, and, to their amazement, the elephant suddenly strode forward, let his trunk down into the water, drew up a great lot of it, and squirted it into his tormentor's face!

The children talked of nothing else all the way home; but Uncle Bob wasn't a bit surprised. He said it was not the first time an elephant had taken his revenge in that way, and it served the man right, for of course he ought to have known better.

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 2, 1920

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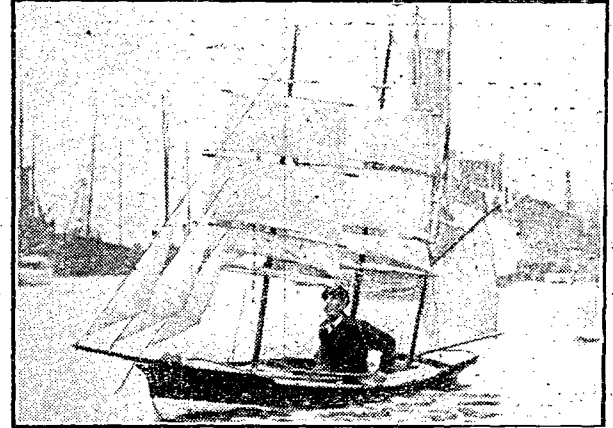
SCHOOL IN A TRAIN · GIRL GOLF CHAMPION · HOUSE BUILT IN A WEEK



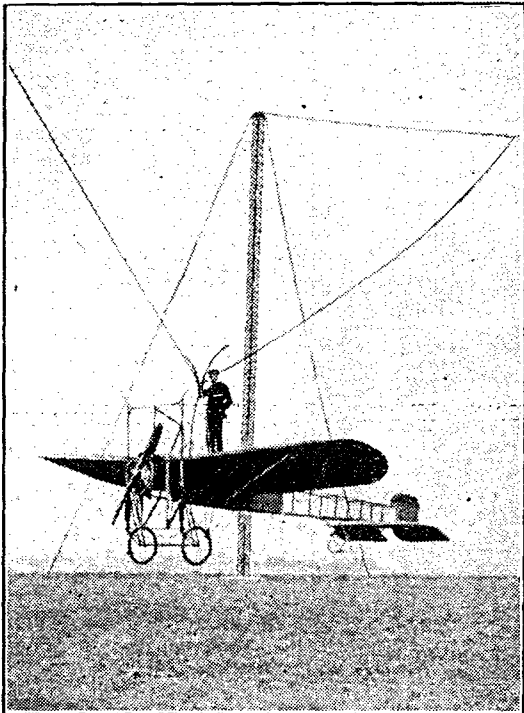
A School in a Train—The men who repair the Southern Pacific Railroad in the U.S.A. take their families about with them, and their train has a school saloon attached for the children's use



The C.N.'s Youngest Reader—This little friend of the C.N. thoroughly enjoys the pictures, although she cannot read the whole of the paper yet



A Home-Made Sailing Ship—Mr. Grant, one of the competitors at the Southwick Regatta, near Brighton, is here shown in the model barque which he made for his little son



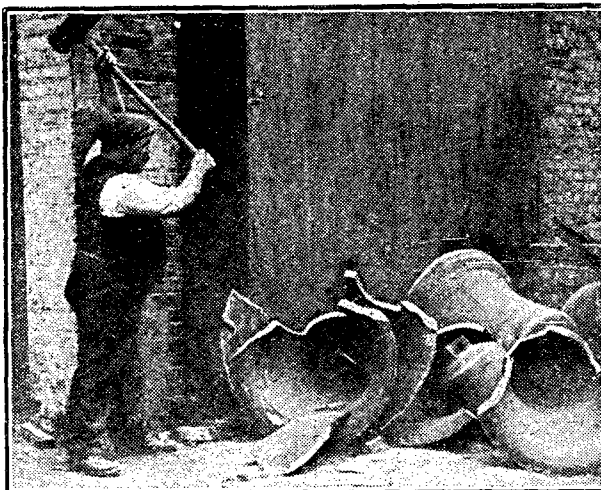
Safety for the Airman—A new French device enables an aeroplane to land on a wire, which then lowers it to the ground, avoiding a bad landing



Fairies Dance in the Open Air—These little children are carrying out a dainty fairy dance on the lawn at an open-air entertainment in aid of a charity



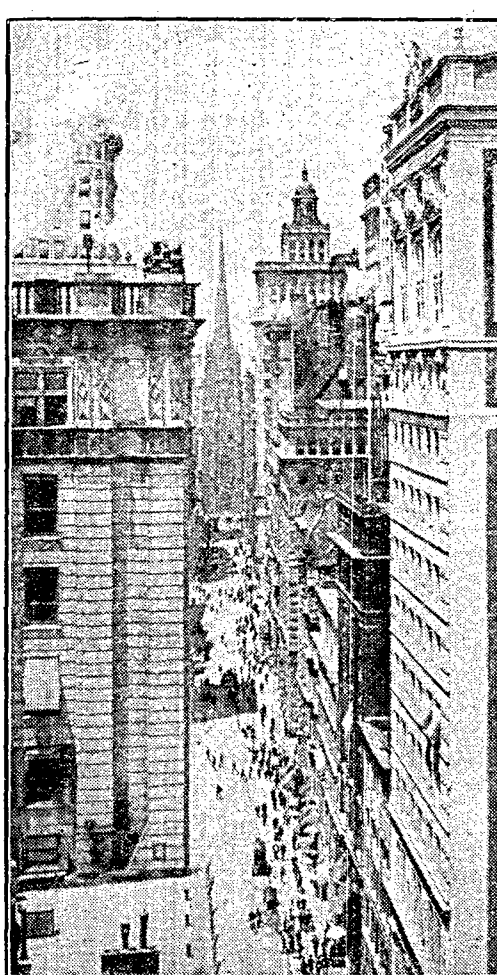
Girl Golf Champion—Miss Christina Clarke, who has just won the Princess Mary Trophy at Stoke Poges, photographed in a characteristic attitude



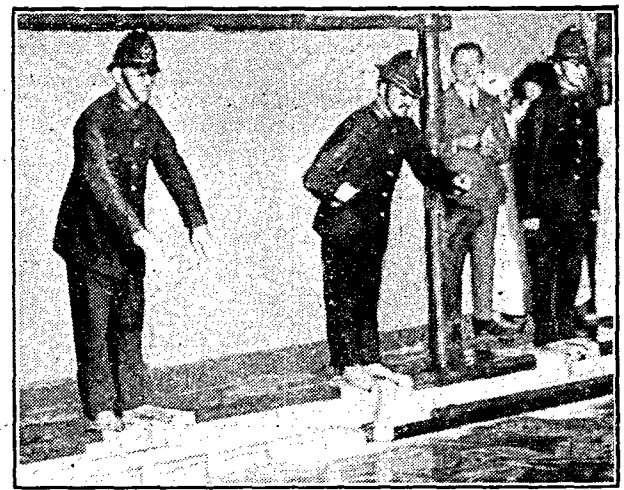
Breaking Up the Bells—The bells of the Royal Exchange, whose chiming has delighted millions, have been taken down and broken up for recasting



The Bells Go into the Furnace—The thirteen Royal Exchange bells after being melted down will be recast and rehung in their old position high above the City



New York's Mystery Explosion—Wall Street, where a terrific explosion has occurred, killing and wounding some hundreds of people and doing enormous damage



Policemen Learning to Save Life—Policemen, in full uniform, including helmets, about to swim a race at the Kingston swimming baths



House Built in a Week—At Nottingham this concrete bungalow has been built in seven days at a cost of £300. A two-storey house costs £400